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THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

THAT the Emperors of the FRENCH and of RUSSIA should meet, and that the politicians of Europe should be uncertain whether any importance is to be attached to their meeting, shows in a very striking way how changed is the mode in which we have learnt, in England, to regard Continental politics. A few years ago, this meeting would have been thought most ominous. It would have been held to portend all kinds of calamities to suffering Europe. The balance would have been upset, the protective forces of the Continent would have been disorganized, the reign of brute military violence would have been declared to have set in. But now we have changed all that. We were not much alarmed, a few months ago, when it was confidently whispered that there was to be a renewal of the Holy Alliance. Still less can we be greatly affected when the supposed consequence of an alliance between France and Russia is that a theoretical Germany, under imaginary circumstances, will be thereby prevented from offering such assistance as Germany can render to England. All these old political feelings—valuable perhaps, and true, in their day—have died out. There is no alarm lest a new coalition should be formed to humble England and to divide Germany. The two Sovereigns meet, partly because courtesy bids them meet, and partly because the alliance that binds them together is a natural and simple one. The two nations they represent do not come much in each other's way, but, acting from a distance, they can be of great assistance to each other. In the East, the alliance of France and Russia means the temporary silencing of those angry passions which burn in the heart of barbarian Christians who cultivate a special shade of orthodoxy under the protection of a great Power. It also means the virtual exclusion of Austria from any participation in the government of the East. Without England, Austria is powerless at Constantinople; and although England is feared in the East, and respected as a possible and formidable enemy, yet the Turks themselves are very distrustful of English support, and will soon come to understand that, if we do not mean to fight for Turkey, we are of no use to it. Moral support is of no more use to a poor unbelieving Turk than it is to such good Christians as the Austrians. The immediate effect of a good understanding between France and Russia is to introduce a new element into those combinations which amuse the gossips of Constantinople. Sir HENRY BULWER has more diplomatic difficulties to contend against; but, as his diplomatic victories produce no perceptible effect, it is not so much to be regretted that our man cannot tease and beat the French man and the Russian man together as well as he could tease and beat them separately. England is really interested in having the route to Egypt open, and it is possible that it may be a matter of some moment to her who occupies Constantinople. But in old days it was thought to be a deadly blow to France and Russia, and a corresponding blow to England and Austria, that things should get gradually worse in Turkey, or at least should not mend. Now it is treated as a matter of course that, if the Turkish Empire is to be upheld by England's countenance or assistance, the French and Russians should, if they pleased, be allowed to join in the process.

There is also much room for a close alliance between France and Russia when interests a little nearer home are brought into consideration. They are both opposed to Austria, and there is no reason why, when the Emperor of the FRENCH is in a mood to quarrel with Rome, he should not find an efficient support in Russia. He is not likely to quarrel openly. But he does things which Rome very much dislikes, and is yet afraid to resent. Austria might have thought, in old days, of espousing the cause of the POPE, but she is more humble now, and is wise enough to see that France, if Russia is propitiated, is not to be easily withstood.

Germany, if united, could possibly beat back all invaders from her borders. This is possible, and many military critics pronounce it even probable. But on the questions which divide France and Austria there is not the slightest chance of Germany acting together, and forming itself into a compact mass of defence. As Austria goes down, France comes up, and perhaps the greatest of all the causes which have contributed to the recent rise of France has been the reduction of Austria to the level of a Power which only in some very favourable points can be called a Power of the first rank. For the last two years Austria has been losing the start she once seemed to be taking. We hear nothing now of her political liberty, of the spur given by the wisdom of the Government to her industry and trade, of the bold steps she was prepared to take in order to gain or keep the leadership of Germany. Her finances have been getting into their old state of derangement. She cannot persuade herself to abandon Protection. She still tries to govern by setting province against province. She has been obliged to place Galicia in a state of siege, and to be as stern and as cruel as her partners in the spoliation of Poland. No one did more to force her into this lamentable position, from which she finds no means of escape, than the old diplomatists of England. They insisted on her ruling Italy, that she might check and annoy France. They, above all other men, were anxious that the POPE should resume that temporal government, under the protection of Austria, which modern England denounces almost too blindly and fiercely. But the gift given to Austria, though beautiful, was fatal to her; and France, more than any other nation, has gained by her rival having had so disastrous an advantage thrust on her. England has wisely decided to withdraw as much as possible from the quarrels of Continental Europe. But although her geographical position permits her to withdraw unhurt from her former ground, she cannot all at once undo all her former work. The position of Austria depended on the theory that England intended to fight on the Continent. If England withdraws, she brings down Austria in her retreat. There is now apparently nothing left for Austria but to be humble and polite, and to hope she gives her kind patrons satisfaction. At the moment when the two Emperors are hurrying to Nice, the official or semi-official journals of Vienna remark that Count RECHBERG is really quite pleased with the Franco-Italian Convention. There are persons so conciliating and affable that, when they are kicked, they cannot refrain from expressing their gratitude that the boot that kicked them was of patent leather.

But Europe treats with calmness this new sign of a good understanding between France and Russia, not only because it perceives that the old system which set Austria up as a grand European conservator of the peace is necessarily at an end, but because it also sees that a new force has come into existence, which decides and limits the action even of great military Powers like France and Russia. This force is the force of public opinion. To many minds this seems a very vague and a very shadowy force, and one great reason why they think so is, that they are apt to suppose that there is no public opinion except English public opinion, and that we can measure the influence which public opinion exercises in Europe by the influence which our public opinion exercises on ourselves. This is a great mistake. There are many things which we should shrink from in horror which seem very natural and harmless to a Continental Sovereign. There are some things that we do and tolerate which seem indefensible to foreign critics. At any rate, it is easy to see that there is now some restraining power of which the diplomatists of the days of Waterloo took no account. Theoretically, and upon the old calculations of politics, there is nothing to prevent France and Russia from marching their troops as they please either to Constantinople or to Vienna. But both in France and in

Russia it would be thought wrong, mischievous, and short-sighted to deal in mere wanton displays of unrestrained and unblushing ambition. France and Russia both desire peace. They want to be powerful abroad, and to grow rich at home. But they do not want to fight any one, unless war is wholly unavoidable. New conceptions of interest, and of duty so far as duty depends on interest, have found their way into the European community. Even when Emperor meets Emperor, and all is amiability and courtesy, the Emperor of the FRENCH, it is said, does not feel justified wholly in abstaining from saying a word for Poland, and ventures to entreat his brother Sovereign to "listen to the counsels of his heart, instead of to 'his official advisers.'" It is not to be supposed that it will make any practical difference to the poor Poles whether the CZAR accedes to this request or not. He has never been thought a cruel man, but, finding the existence of his Government at stake, he has dealt death around as wildly and profusely as it was ever dealt in the streets of Paris, and has striven to strike the same terror, by the infliction of exile to Siberia, as it was once attempted to strike by wholesale deportations to Lambessa and Cayenne. But still, if Poland is not much benefited by these Imperial pleadings on her behalf, the mere fact that the host thinks himself bound to force such an unwelcome topic on his guest indicates the existence of a great amount of warm and honest feeling on political questions in the breasts of that undefined mass of individuals which is vaguely called the people. Successful Governments can, indeed, carry on their government at what cost they please, and public indignation can do very little to restrain them, so long as they only deal with domestic difficulties and always succeed; but they do not find an ease in disposing of questions beyond their border which is altogether in proportion to their military strength. Europe is protected against another Tilsit, not only by the resistance which the intended victims would offer, but still more by France and Russia themselves.

#### MR. BERNAL OSBORNE AT LISKEARD

THE Mayor of LISKEARD, who seems to be a sensible man, introduced the member for the borough to a meeting of his constituents with the appropriate remark that, if anybody could make a political speech amusing, Mr. OSBORNE was likely to achieve the task. The people of Liskeard are hard to satisfy if they are not grateful for the blessing which they enjoy in the possession of a member who is seldom or never dull. Mr. OSBORNE had the advantage, as compared with many rivals, of a purpose to accomplish by his speech, and of an opinion to express. As he abstained from voting in the great party division of the summer, after taking occasion to attack the Government with considerable effect, he was well aware that his seat might be in danger. The ordinary borough voter likes to believe that his representative professes to be independent of party, and it is more exciting to hear a Minister ridiculed than to listen to an enumeration of his virtues; but the real managers of elections value political orthodoxy more than conscientious originality. There are two or three genuine partisans in every constituency who hold that blue is blue and that yellow is yellow, and they are generally in communication with the Secretary of the Treasury. It is extremely unsafe for a Liberal member to vote against a Liberal Government, and the Conservatives have so deeply felt the inconvenience of a mutinous spirit which excuses rebellion against Mr. DISRAELI, that they are said to impose on candidates for their new club a pledge that, right or wrong, they will never on any occasion vote against their lawful leaders. Parliamentary Government seems to involve the existence of parties, and, on the whole, it is necessary to secure a certain internal discipline. Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE may have had the best possible reasons for refusing to acquit the Government on the Danish question, but some less privileged member might follow his example without similar justification. If the people of Liskeard accept his apology, they are probably contented, not with his arguments, but with his faculty of making a speech which is neither commonplace nor tiresome. A remote town in the West may be pardoned if it fails to perceive that, except on the subject of Denmark, Mr. OSBORNE was not prepared to suggest any alternative for the policy or inaction which he criticized. He has the merit of objecting to a large extension of the suffrage, but he considers that the Constitution would be strengthened by the admission of superior mechanics to the franchise. The most timid political speculators have long since arrived at the same conclusion, though they know no better than Mr. OSBORNE how to frame a sieve which shall

admit the highest class of workmen and exclude the unmanageable multitude of their social equals. If the constituencies could be enlarged in the right direction without being swamped, there would be little objection to a Reform Bill which should attain so desirable an object. Unluckily, those who are eager to extend the suffrage almost invariably wish to lower its quality.

The complaint that the QUEEN'S Speech was exclusively occupied with foreign politics was equally devoid of practical import. The Ministers, at the end of a Session, must advise the QUEEN to speak of what has happened, and not of changes in the law which have neither been carried nor proposed. Mr. OSBORNE admits that Mr. GLADSTONE'S Annuity Bill is likely to be useful, and he is not prepared to suggest any other measure on which Parliament might have been usefully employed. It is but a commonplace fallacy to find fault with the House of Commons because few members take the trouble to attend when the Estimates are voted. All Boards, Corporations, Committees, and other public bodies, transact their most important business without discussion, as a matter of form. As the Estimates are printed in detail, and as ninety-nine hundredths of the items provoke no difference of opinion, it is perfectly unnecessary to attend for the purpose of giving a tacit assent to the proposals of the Government. The lay Lord who sits in compulsory silence when the House is hearing appeals scarcely discharges a more superfluous function than the conscientious economist who watches every head of public expense with the result of ascertaining that the figures are correctly read out by the Chairman of Committees. As Mr. OSBORNE disclaims the character of a financial reformer, it is difficult to understand why he should taunt his colleagues with their common neglect of a purely formal duty. It was, however, necessary to say something, and the style of Royal Speeches is fairly open to criticism. The subject was at least as important as the debates of the Social Science Association, or as the appearance of a crazy enthusiast in a monk's dress at a late ecclesiastical meeting. The gentleman who is putting all his fellow-parishioners in prison for refusing to pay church-rates presented a fair object of attack. These things are, as Mr. OSBORNE said, very odd in the year 1864, and he was very glad that they had occurred in time to provide him with matter for a lively digression. The foreign relations which occupy the greater part of every recent Speech from the Throne are generally more interesting than domestic questions. It is entirely useless for Mr. OSBORNE to protest against the expenditure of money for the benefit of Italy, as not a shilling has been spent, or has been proposed to be spent, for any Italian object whatever. The objection to the abortive Bill for the prevention of conspiracies against foreign Sovereigns is even more obsolete than the tardy complaint that the House of Commons, four or five years ago, voted a large sum for the erection of fortifications. The two measures, whatever might be their merits in other respects, were certainly not inconsistent. It by no means followed that those who disapproved of attempts to murder the Emperor of the FRENCH should neglect any precautions against the accomplishment of the menaces which were uttered, under superior inspiration, by the fierce French colonels.

Mr. OSBORNE was more serious when he spoke of the Schleswig and Holstein business, and there are scarcely half a dozen members of the House of Commons who have an equal right to express an opinion on the subject. At a time when a thoroughly ignorant clamour against Germany was neutralising any beneficial influence which the Government could have exerted, Mr. OSBORNE took the trouble to read the papers, and he convinced himself that in some respects the Danes were in the wrong. Although he has since assailed the Government with much energy for its alleged errors in the negotiations, Mr. OSBORNE candidly told his constituents that, if Lord RUSSELL'S advice had been taken, there would have been no war. He might have added that the English Government stood alone in its honest desire to maintain the rights of both parties, while every other European Government was disposed to leave Denmark to its fate. The greatest blunder which was committed was the groundwork of Mr. GLADSTONE'S laboured apology for the Government, and it was properly and forcibly exposed by Mr. OSBORNE. There was no sufficient reason for proposing to join France and Russia in a defensive alliance against Germany, and even if war could under any circumstances have been justifiable, it was imprudent to utter threats which depended for their fulfilment on the decision of foreign Powers. It may be hoped that the discussion at Liskeard terminates a controversy which has long since become intolerably wearisome. In another year, Denmark will be forgotten, unless some fresh occurrence revives popular interest in the question. Mr. OSBORNE'S reason for



withdrawing his support from the Government, when the Opposition moved the vote of censure, still remains but partially intelligible.

It would be, to a certain extent, a public loss if the party irregularity were not condoned by the voters of Liskeard. A House of Commons composed of OSBORNE would not be altogether satisfactory, but it is always desirable that there should be a certain number of clever and independent speakers to keep party leaders in order, and to say what might otherwise be suppressed for the joint convenience of the Government and the Opposition. The House is always filled when Mr. OSBORNE rises to speak, although he seldom influences a division. As no political result depends on the course which he may adopt, his light manner and his lively illustrations are not unsuitable to the occasion. Mr. ROEBUCK has long held a somewhat similar position, but he is angrier and less amusing. Mr. DRUMMOND formerly displayed wit of a far higher and more delicate kind, with still less definite purpose. Mr. HORSMAN's elaborate orations disclose an equal dislike to the heads for the time of the Liberal party, and they are probably still more unpalatable to zealous local partisans. Lord STANLEY, on the other side of the House, maintains his personal independence by a peculiar and more dignified course of action. Instead of voting against his political allies, or discussing the failings of their leaders, he announces on all suitable occasions, without disguise, and without controversial apologies, an entirely separate policy of his own. Mr. OSBORNE has not so great a position, and he is obliged to redeem his personal insubordination by uncompromising acceptance of all the established Liberal tests. He declares that he will not rest nor be thankful at Lord RUSSELL's bidding, and, as far as the absence of all pretence of gratitude is concerned, he fully redeems the pledge. He regrets the intention of Sir JOHN TRELAHAWY to discontinue the Church-rate agitation, and at the same time he hints his disposition to try a new combination of parties, or, in other words, an alliance with the professed supporters of Church-rates, and of established institutions in general. Mr. OSBORNE is not to be harshly judged as an unattached politician, but he will scarcely succeed in satisfying his own party of his perfect fidelity to the corporate interests.

#### THE OPENING OF THE ITALIAN SESSION.

THERE appears to be every reason to believe that the French Convention will be accepted by the Italian Parliament without any serious opposition. There is sure to be a certain amount of unfriendly criticism upon it and its authors passed in private circles, and some voices will be heard against it in Parliament. But the Italians have really no choice. They must accept the bargain that has been made for them, or plunge into hopeless confusion and stand isolated in Europe. Nor have they any excuse for rejecting it. The despatch of M. NIGRA, announcing to his Government the signature of the Convention at Paris, shows in an able and conclusive manner that Italy has now got almost exactly what CAVOUR asked for her immediately before his death. He asked that France should recall her troops, while he pledged himself that the Italian Government would neither attack Rome nor permit an attack on it, that the free enlistment of troops, even foreigners, in the POPE's service should be permitted, and that Italy should take on herself a part of the debts of the old States of the Church. The EMPEROR appears to have been willing to enter into an arrangement with CAVOUR on the footing of these conditions, but the premature death of CAVOUR created a sudden difficulty. The EMPEROR found that there was no one left with sufficient authority, firmness, and foresight in Italy to make the country fulfil its pledge of abstaining from and preventing violent interference. Gradually, confidence in its sincerity and power has been won by the Italian Government, and at last the EMPEROR has been willing to put Italy on its trial, and to let it stand face to face with the Temporal Power. But there was a preliminary guarantee to be given—the capital was to be transferred from Turin to Florence; yet this was only the acceptance of a proposal made by the Italian Government. The Cabinet of Turin announced that, for administrative and strategic reasons, it thought of proposing a change to Florence, and then the EMPEROR received this as giving the very pledge and security he was in search of. It was a sign that CAVOUR's conditions would be honourably and effectually fulfilled. And the Italian Government had no scruple, so far as the acquisition of Rome went, about making the transfer; for if Italy was really to abstain from violence, and to prevent such attacks as that of GARIBALDI by what M. MAZZINI terms a perpetual Aspromonte, the moral influence of Italy on

Rome could be exercised much more directly and powerfully at Florence than at Turin. The despatches of the Italian Foreign Minister and of the representative of Italy at Paris encourage their countrymen to hope that the dream of CAVOUR will be realized, and that a Free Church in a Free State will be the end of the great Italian movement. It is difficult to see how this dream can be realized, for the whole notion of what CAVOUR meant by a Free State—that is, a State founded on modern notions of political and religious liberty—is antagonistic to the whole construction and nature and principles of the Church of Rome. But the dream may be accepted with a diminished significance, and may be taken to mean that Italy, if it does not wish to quarrel with France, must conquer Rome otherwise than by force; and to outsiders—and even, as we may now venture to assert, to the Italians themselves—this seems as plain as the sun at noonday.

The statement that Italy herself wished to move from Turin to Florence seems at first one of those ingenious devices by which diplomacy conceals the real order of events. It might naturally be conjectured that the EMPEROR insisted on the transfer of the capital to Florence, and that the Italians, finding that they must accept an unwelcome condition, discovered that this was what they themselves had long been wishing for. But, since the news of the Convention was announced, the Italians have had many opportunities of expressing their feelings, and the large majority seems to be very much in favour of the change. If the hope of going at once to Rome is to be put aside, they wish to find a better and more convenient capital than Turin. The wretched climate of Turin in the winter and early spring, and the intolerable distance to which the Neapolitan and Sicilian deputies have to go if they are to attend to their Parliamentary duties, make the choice of a more central capital indispensable. It is true that some unworthy feelings may mingle with more rational motives in the desire to get away from Turin. There is a widely-spread jealousy of Piedmont, and of the superior skill and energy with which the Piedmontese set themselves to carry out the administration of the country. The Central and Southern Italians dislike the Piedmontese with all the hatred which a languid gentlemanly man feels towards a rough energetic friend who always insists on showing him what he ought to do. There are many deputies who will vote for going to Florence, not because Florence is Florence, but because Florence is not Turin. But there is much good sense, as well as some less dignified elements, in the wish to go to Florence. A new capital will give Italy a new start, and will make the nation more Italian. Time has rolled on since Villafranca, and the Italians must be very unfit for government unless, meanwhile, they have learnt something in the way of conducting their own affairs. The Piedmontese are almost too much at home in Piedmont, and take all business too completely into their own hands. The rest of Italy may now gain by having a better opportunity of perfecting itself in the arts of government. Nor have any of the Italians, except the Piedmontese, anything to lose by going to Florence. They will save time in travelling; they will have a better climate; they will be in a much more picturesque and interesting city; and they will move among a population that speaks Italian, and not a vile patois. It is easy to see that, when men gain advantages like these in daily life, they will look with indulgence upon the political changes which bring these advantages within their grasp; and if any adversaries of the change retort that the political gain is very doubtful, and that Rome may be further off than ever if Florence is the capital, the reply is open that all this is uncertain, but that one thing is certain—namely, that in this way, and in no other, will the French be got out of Rome.

It is necessary to receive with the utmost caution the reports and criticism which reach us from purely Piedmontese sources; and as many of those who write on Italy for English readers are accustomed to inhabit Turin, and to see Piedmontese predominating on every side around them, they judge such a political crisis as the present from the point of view generally adopted in Piedmont. Nor is it necessary to pay any great attention to the allegations of the universal odium which those have incurred who have taken the chief responsibility. It is said that the KING is an object of popular disfavour at Turin just at present, because he has accepted the Convention; but calmer reflection will probably remind the Turinese that, of all people, the KING loses most by going. He leaves a part of Italy with which he is familiar for a part where he is a stranger; he leaves his old home for a new abode which not long ago was tenanted by a prince who is now his bitter enemy; he goes away from the easy and sympathizing

indulgence of his local gossips to the vigilant censorship of unfriendly critics. The Ministers, too, who actually arranged the Convention are said to be very much disliked and despised; and it may be true that, if they had been forewarned a little earlier, they would have taken more efficient measures to prevent the collision between the troops and the populace at Turin. But this was a very excusable error, for the Turinese had been accustomed to boast that they had no such thing as a mob, and that an outbreak at Turin was a simple impossibility. The share that M. MINGHETTI and his colleagues took in bringing about the Convention will soon be condoned when the Convention itself is accepted. Probably there will be found some difficulty at first in getting matters into order at Florence. The public buildings requisite for the machinery of administration have yet to be built, and until they are built there must be some inconvenience and confusion. Nor will there be a practised set of local officials always at hand to do things in their own way. But this is not the sort of difficulty that long hinders or baffles a nation set upon a great object. The transfer of the capital to Florence satisfies a genuine national wish, and serves a genuine national object; and what makes a nation great—and what, if she possesses it, will give Italy the place to which she aspires in Europe—is a power of fixing the attention on great things and disregarding little local objects. If Italy deserves to exist at all, she must be capable of administering herself from Florence, although the accommodation may be rather defective, and the officials nearest at hand may not be very expert.

#### AMERICA.

AS the Northern Americans have never understood or forgiven the deficient sympathy of Englishmen with their cause, they will probably not even suspect that some of their political and military proceedings are calculated to surprise all lovers of freedom except extreme democrats, and to inflict a certain shock on nerves unstepped by thoroughgoing philanthropy. Native Republicans and their English admirers have sometimes illustrated the excellence of American institutions by the successful career of Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON, once a journeyman tailor, and now military Governor of Tennessee, and candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States. There can be no doubt that so remarkable an advance indicates the possession of remarkable qualities, including energy and perseverance, but it is not equally certain that a more limited field of selection for high office may not present advantages in its turn. Mr. JOHNSON, by virtue of that indefinite authority which seems to belong to all Federal functionaries, has lately announced his intention of preventing any person from voting in Tennessee unless he has first sworn to oppose an armistice, or any other kind of negotiation, before the Confederates have laid down their arms. It would be a far less violent exertion of power to restrict the exercise of the franchise to the avowed supporters of LINCOLN and JOHNSON. The PRESIDENT may at some future time wish to conclude an armistice, although his Tennessee constituents are not allowed to approve, by anticipation, of such a decision. General WALLACE, commanding at Baltimore, displays an almost equally single-minded devotion to the personal interests of the PRESIDENT. There can, of course, be no doubt that a great majority of the inhabitants of Maryland are opposed to the Republican Government, and a Democratic Committee was formed to promote the election of M'CLELLAN. According to American practice, the managers of a political organization can only communicate with their partisans by the aid of newspapers, and a Baltimore journal published the resolutions and address of the Committee. General WALLACE immediately suppressed the paper, on the singular pretext that he wished to secure the proprietors against the destruction of their office by the irritated Republican soldiery. A general who publicly pretends that his troops are about to commit excesses which he is unable to restrain, ought, even in the interest of discipline, to be summarily dismissed from his command; but Mr. LINCOLN is not disposed to punish his own election agents, and the Republicans have, since the beginning of the war, uniformly approved of every act of illegal violence which has been perpetrated for the advantage of their party. The Democrats, with a timidity which cannot fail to reassure the dominant faction, mutter empty threats of armed resistance if the Government interferes with the freedom of election. As it will be difficult to improve on the outrages which have been already attempted or proposed, Mr. LINCOLN estimates at their proper value the menaces of his cowed and discomfited adversaries. It is

only strange that, when his election is almost certain, he should cause his subordinates to indulge in gratuitous tyranny. It is not the business of foreigners to guard American liberty, but, when the Federal Government demands universal gratitude and applause as the champion of freedom, it seems not altogether irrelevant to ask for an explanation of measures which seem irreconcilable with any possible Constitution. The political observer cannot, in the meantime, resist the unwelcome suspicion that clever journeyman tailors are, after all, not the safest depositaries of power, and that something may be said for the English practice of government by gentlemen. A liberal education, though it by no means necessarily produces statesmen, tends to promote a balance of judgment which takes general rules into consideration, as well as objects which are for the moment pursued. Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON perhaps believes that the salvation of the Republic and of the human race depends on the election of Mr. LINCOLN and of himself, and he is right in supposing that sufficiently stringent tests are likely to exclude opposition. Right and justice and future political harmony at present find no room in the Republican mind. Some cultivation is required to form a habit of thinking of two things at the same time, and of seeing two sides of a question.

The devastation of the Shenandoah Valley by General SHERIDAN, under the orders of General GRANT, is calculated to startle Mr. BRIGHT himself into doubts of the absolute faultlessness of the Federal Government. The destruction of the barns, the stacks, and the live stock throughout a country as large as Devonshire seems at first sight an unusual military precaution. The property would of course have been available for the Confederate army, if SHERIDAN found it impossible or inexpedient to hold the country which he lately conquered; but it belonged to the peaceable inhabitants of the district, including, according to the repeated statements of the Northern papers, numerous zealous friends of the Federal Union. Two thousand barns are said to have been destroyed, and henceforth the Shenandoah Valley will neither help to feed the garrison of Richmond, nor furnish a convenient road to the periodical invasion of Pennsylvania and Maryland. The Confederates, however, are relieved from the fear of an advance upon Lynchburg, which was the principal danger to be feared from SHERIDAN's successes. It can scarcely have been worth while to expend 10,000 men in two victories which have only made room for the torch of the incendiary. General GRANT has renounced all claim to the possession of the upper part of the valley, and unless LONGSTREET, on succeeding to EARLY's command, finds means to provide SHERIDAN with occupation, a great part of the Federal army of Western Virginia will probably be retransferred to the banks of the James. It is, perhaps, not the business of generals in the field to look beyond the termination of the war; but it would be interesting to ascertain whether Mr. LINCOLN shares the loudly-expressed belief of his partisans, that the conquest of the South will be followed by contentment and revived loyalty to the Union. There are some moralists who hold that all wrongs ought to be forgiven, but the process will take some time, and as the catalogue of offences is gradually erased, it may be supposed that the devastation of the Shenandoah Valley will be one of the last items to be expunged.

The operations of GRANT before Petersburg and Richmond have still led to no decisive result. The Federal troops have, within a month or six weeks, gained some advantage in position, but the event alone can show whether their acquisitions are worth the cost. In the latest reported combat, General LEE was successful; but, as he attacked, it is not improbable that his loss was the greater, and his movement showed that the Federals had secured some ground which it was necessary to recover. As the Presidential election takes place on next Monday week, General GRANT will probably be urged to bring on an engagement which may be represented as a victory. The need of good news from Virginia is the more urgent as the Confederates are gaining ground in the extreme West, while they are disturbing General SHERMAN in the enjoyment of his conquest. Far away beyond the Mississippi, General STERLING PRICE has reached the centre of Missouri, and it would seem that he is unopposed by any adequate Federal force. It is probable that he will institute a Confederate Government of the State, and assemble a Convention to vote Missouri out of the Union, with a regularity at least equal to the habitual administration of Mr. LINCOLN's lieutenants in the Border States. More important movements are taking place between Atlanta and Chattanooga, where Hood appears to have thrown his main army into SHERMAN's flank and rear, while FORREST and WHEELER



break up portions of the various railways, and successively occupy considerable stations. The town of Rome, which has been taken with 3,000 prisoners by the Confederates, is on the direct line of SHERMAN's recent advance. He had neglected no precautions, as every railway bridge was covered by a defensive work, with a garrison; while the line itself was regularly patrolled and watched along its whole course. The precautions taken may have been sufficient to frustrate the enterprises of small irregular bodies, but if a Confederate army attacks the railway stations, SHERMAN must detach a large part of his force from Atlanta, even if he is not compelled to take the field in person; and this necessity has perhaps given rise to the rumour of the recapture of Atlanta. His great skill and ability render it probable that he will extricate himself from his present difficulties; but he will scarcely be able to furnish reassuring news in time for the election.

When the Republican party has ensured the continuance of its supremacy for four years longer, some disappointment will perhaps be caused by the discovery that the South is not frightened, and that foreign countries regard the result with absolute indifference. As the promoters of the war command a large majority, it is natural that they should prefer Mr. LINCOLN to a candidate who is supported, in spite of his own professions, by the advocates of peace. It may be hoped that sensible Englishmen have by this time convinced themselves that it is utterly absurd to identify themselves with any party in a foreign country. Every nation is represented for the time being by its rulers, and the American Government has a right to profess any principles which it may prefer, and to enforce them in every territory which it has the power to control. American orators constantly draw impertinent distinctions between the so-called English aristocracy, consisting of the educated classes, and the virtuous masses who are supposed to favour the Federal cause. A similar impropriety is committed when foreigners abdicate their own immunity by gratuitously supporting the claims of LINCOLN or M'CLELLAN. The duty of bystanders is discharged in censuring the excesses of war and the extravagance of factions. In military affairs, they are principally concerned to notice and record the various fortunes of the campaign.

#### NEW ZEALAND.

THE somewhat premature exultations of the telegram are probably not very wide of the substantial truth. The submission of the Tauranga natives is certainly in itself a very different thing from the termination of the war, for they are neither our most powerful nor our most embittered enemies. But there is fair ground for hoping that it is the beginning of the end. In a contest where one side is heavily overmatched, desertions, when they once begin, are apt to be very contagious among the weaker party. There is much less loss of dignity in imitating an example of submission than in originating it. The only circumstance which could prevent the conduct of the Tauranga natives from influencing their fellow-countrymen would have been any exhibition of vindictiveness on the part of the New Zealand Government. The chief value, in fact, of this victory has been the opportunity which has been given to the QUEEN's representative of displaying his clemency. If the revengeful passions of the war party had been gratified, and the rest of the natives had been taught by the fate of their Tauranga brethren that submission to the English meant condemnation to a life of penniless vagabondage, the triumph announced by the telegram would have helped us little. It is not wise to drive any enemy to despair, as President LINCOLN is learning to his cost; and the ruder a people are, and the fewer their wants, the more difficult it is to subjugate them by mere ferocity. Happily, the doctrines which were proclaimed by the New Zealand Ministers, in their reply to Lord CHICHESTER's memorandum, have not been suffered to bear fruit in practice. The actual conditions that have been imposed are inspired by Sir GEORGE GREY's well-known friendliness for the natives, and seem to have hit with sufficient accuracy that medium between severity and too great leniency which it was necessary to observe. It would not have been fair to the colonists, nor merciful to the natives themselves, to treat the war as a harmless episode in the relations between the races—a mere lover's quarrel, to be forgotten as soon as made up. Such a course, though more grateful to the feelings of all who bear in mind how completely the English were the aggressors in the first of these two wars, would still have left upon the native mind the impression that settler-stalking was a legitimate sport for a dull season, which might be pursued at no other cost than that of the powder and shot, and a little temporary danger. The loss of a portion of their lands, not exceeding in any case a fourth, will impress

upon their minds that it is neither a safe nor a profitable operation to attempt to redress the errors of their government by an appeal to arms. On the other hand, it is coupled with a new and better tenure of land; and therefore it will probably leave those of them who betake themselves heartily to an industrious life in possession of richer and more available sources of wealth than they had before the war.

The recasting of the tenure of land will be one of the most valuable results of the recent successes, if they should be carried to completion. As the matter stands at present, it is almost impossible that causes of quarrel should not frequently arise. The Maoris are intensely jealous of their land, and will fight to the death for the merest strip of it. On the other hand, the possession of land is almost the only possible source of that rapid prosperity which the settler has emigrated to obtain, and he is not very scrupulous as to the guilt of dispossessing "niggers" by force. In such a state of feeling the only possible security against trouble is that the title to land shall be so clear as to be liable to no dispute, and shall be put under the strict guardianship of the law. The actual state of the case is exactly the reverse. It is no easy matter for the best-intentioned inquirer to find out exactly who are the owners of any special block of land in New Zealand. Individual ownership, in the nature of our freehold tenure, is hardly known. Land is usually owned in common by a tribe, or the section of a tribe, under customs which are not strictly defined and which are the subject of much dispute, and under the title of a prescription which is often of short date, and still more often complicated by interruptions which have been caused by emigration or unsuccessful war. Subject to this vague ownership—which is not less valued, or less jealously defended, because it is indistinctly defined—small bits of land are held by families or individuals under a sort of tenure by occupation, whose value as against a chief, or the tribe at large, or in favour of an intending purchaser, is equally indefinite. Such a state of confusion almost excludes the Maori land from the tutelary jurisdiction of English law courts. They can neither give effect to such titles nor protect them from invasion. An English lawyer would be speedily baffled in a real property suit in which he had neither title-deeds to follow, nor law to guide him, nor even any unbroken universal custom to take his stand upon. Nor would legislation help the matter. It would be impossible to codify customs so various, and rights dependent for their practical recognition so much upon vague tradition or upon the personal authority of individual chiefs. If it were possible, it would hardly be desirable; for it would be an evil boon to the Maoris to bind upon them and their children for ever, in the form of positive law, a system of land tenure so vicious in essence. Yet, unless something is done to regulate it, no terms of peace can afford any real security against future war. The English settler only half believes that a coloured man can have any property in land at all, and his mind wholly refuses to grasp the idea of a kind of ownership which is neither freehold, nor leasehold, nor tenancy-at-will, and which he is yet bound to respect. The Maori's chance of a legal remedy against any encroachment on the settler's part is very small indeed, and his security against encroachments from the settler's own sense of right is smaller still. It may be blameable, but it is scarcely unnatural that the Maori, under these circumstances, should seek his remedy for wrong according to the fashion which his fathers had pursued before him. The only solution of the difficulty is to give the Maori a tenure which the settler is accustomed to recognise, and which the law courts will be able to protect. A Crown grant to each individual owner would, if it were practicable to carry it out, almost cut the knot of the New Zealand difficulty. It would be impossible for any colonial Government, however unscrupulous, to tamper with such a title; and the law would furnish an ample security against the encroachments of individuals. Had WILLIAM KING, or any of his followers been able to claim such a title to the celebrated block of land at the Waitara, TEIRA would have been forced to invalidate it in a court of law before he could offer to deal with the Government; and Governor BROWNE would never have ventured to settle the dispute by taking military possession of the subject of litigation. This reform has long been desired by every thoughtful man familiar with New Zealand affairs. The difficulty has lain with the natives themselves. It has been impossible to disarm their suspicions of any interference with their land, or the incredulity with which they received the benevolent professions by which such proposals were accompanied. The difficulty also of dividing common land, familiar to us even in England, is a formidable obstacle there; for the commoners have no freeholds to furnish a guiding principle of

distribution. The change is one that could not have been commenced except by a Government that was in the position of a conqueror dictating terms of peace. When it has once been brought into play in any considerable portion of the island, its advantages will be so manifest that the tribes who have not joined in the rebellion, and who therefore cannot be forced into it, will probably adopt it of their own accord.

The presence of two of the Colonial Ministers at the submission at Tauranga was a circumstance of favourable omen. It may be looked upon as the first fruits of Mr. CARDWELL's vigorous despatch upon the subject of the Confiscation Act. The terms of that despatch, it need hardly be said, were profoundly unsatisfactory to the war party in New Zealand. At first they dropped those hints of separation which are the usual resource of colonists when they cannot get all they want out of the Imperial Government. One organ of the Government even went so far as to suggest that, if Great Britain should not do all that was demanded of her, New Zealand would raise an army for herself by advertising for Americans and Irishmen to come and fight for the Maori's forfeited soil. There is very little substance, however, in this colonial vapouring. The colonists know very well, both in New Zealand and elsewhere, that, in a comparison of the advantages resulting from the connexion, the balance is not upon the side of the Mother-country. If the Imperial Government takes reasonable ground, and firmly adheres to it, the "bounce" only lasts for a short time. In the present case, the Colonial Ministers appear to have made up their minds that the idea of inviting filibusters from America was untenable, and that it was better, on the whole, to accept the English policy and retain the English army. As they were on the point a short time before of coming to a breach with the Governor, their altered frame of mind is a subject of congratulation. It is to be hoped that it may last long enough to enable Sir GEORGE GREY to complete the pacification of New Zealand upon the same moderate and far-sighted plan as that which he has pursued in the case of Tauranga. If he had been less vigorously supported by Mr. CARDWELL against the antagonists who, by a pleasant fiction, are termed his responsible advisers, it is not likely that they would have abated so much of their bellicose tone. The COLONIAL SECRETARY is, therefore, entitled to his fair share of credit for whatever good results may flow from the submission at Tauranga: It is to be hoped that the result may impress upon him the advantages of a definite policy on such litigated questions, and of a firm tone in adhering to it when it has been deliberately selected.

#### GREECE.

THE robust faith which the Greeks must be assumed to repose in universal suffrage has not been hitherto justified by their experience. King OTHO was saved from the necessity of corrupting the constituencies by his practice of buying up the members wholesale, and he was ultimately got rid of, not by Parliamentary opposition, but by a movement which was at the same time a popular revolt and a military insurrection. There is only one negative argument for a wide electoral franchise in Greece which would not be applicable to more civilized countries. As there is no class in the community which is qualified for the exercise of political power, there may seem to be little reason for restricting the suffrage. In the present state of society one man is as good as another, and, unfortunately, reversing the terms of the Irish proposition, he is not at all better. Somewhere, indeed, among the people, there are patriotic aspirations, for it is impossible to doubt the sincerity of the indignation which was excited by the misgovernment of OTHO. When the throne was vacant, and when there seemed to be perfect freedom of future choice, popular feeling turned unanimously to the example of orderly and moderated liberty which, whether in the Old World or the New, is exclusively presented by England. The eager demand for an English prince to succeed the exiled Bavarian was the symbol of a legitimate wish for improvement at home and for respectability abroad. The fallacy of attributing to external influences the results of domestic mismanagement and incapacity is not peculiar to the Greeks. If they had been competent to govern themselves, they would have moulded the feeble OTHO to their purposes; nor could his successor combine authority with freedom unless he was supported by voluntary discipline and self-restraint on the part of his subjects. The best chance of an effective reform would have been supplied by a temporary dictatorship, which, if it had been administered by a Sovereign of mature years, of ability, and of integrity, would not have been incompatible with the forms of free government.

In the ORLEANS family the Greeks might have found a statesman to rule them, instead of a mere type of constitutional royalty; but the silly bigotry of King OTHO had rendered a Roman Catholic impossible, and the Imperial Government of France would perhaps have objected to the nomination of any member of the ORLEANS family.

If there could have been any doubt as to the inexpediency of placing an English prince on the throne of Greece, subsequent events would have proved the sound policy of refusing the offer. The youth and inexperience of a constitutional King cause little inconvenience when the government is settled, but a King of Greece who is only a form becomes the plaything of factions and intriguers. As King GEORGE, like King OTHO at his accession, is too young to govern, his prerogative is for the time administered by a countryman of his own. Count SPONNECK is probably devoted to the interests of his Royal ward, and he may perhaps also wish well to the country which he has, by a strange accident, been called upon to govern or to manage. Unfortunately, the unknown Minister of a foreign prince finds himself without any natural support, and he feels it to be easier to flatter the vulgar prejudices of a party than to ally himself with the representatives of public interests. As the King of GREECE owes his elevation exclusively to the good offices of the English Government, Count SPONNECK seems to have assumed that the nominee would be regarded with suspicion unless he took every opportunity of disclaiming his obligations to his patron. During the revolution, two years ago, the English party appeared to include the whole community, if a wish to copy the prosperity and good government of England can be said to imply partisanship; but the rejection of the offered Crown may perhaps have caused some natural irritation, and, even in the absence of any special cause, a vehement excitement is always followed by reaction. Count SPONNECK has thought that King GEORGE might be made popular by resisting the just claims of English creditors, and by attributing the various impediments which interrupted the progress of order to English machinations. Such a policy is neither dignified nor grateful, but it is perfectly intelligible. On a recent occasion, however, the Danish Minister of Greece seems to have exceeded the limits of excusable license.

It is not surprising that an elected Assembly which could never assert its due share in the government of the country should have found insuperable difficulties in the manufacture of a new Constitution. It might have been supposed that additional paper securities for freedom were not so much wanted in Greece as working examples of tolerable administration. Roads, police, and money to meet financial demands might have been provided with advantage before the first principles of government were discussed. Incapable or corrupt politicians acquire no additional qualifications for serving their country when they are convoked under the ill-omened title of a Constituent Assembly. The pretence of elaborating organic laws serves as a ready excuse for the neglect of more obvious and pressing duties; and it seems that, as the promised Constitution is not forthcoming, the King's Government considered, or professed, that it was time to apply some check to the anarchy and confusion which in the meantime prevails. It was, however, supposed that the Assembly would not listen to reason, and accordingly the bugbear of English influence was, as usual, evoked to frighten or to excite sluggish patriots. An impertinence to a foreign Power is a well-known contrivance for allaying domestic discords; and at Athens, as at Washington, England is the habitual conductor by which political passions are diverted from their proper object. Count SPONNECK can scarcely talk, like Mr. CHASE, of "giving England a shaking"; but he pursues the same object by not dissimilar means, when he impudently requests the English Minister at Athens to persuade the English party in the Assembly to proceed with the debated Constitution. The request was never intended to be granted, although Mr. ERSKINE would have gratified the Government by affecting to exercise the authority which Count SPONNECK by implication denounces. The insinuation that the delays in the Assembly proceeded from English influence was addressed, not to the representative of England, but to whatever may be the Hellenic equivalent of the American "Buncombe." It was thought possible that public opinion might urge the Assembly to do its duty, not because the completion of the constituent proceeding would benefit the country, but in the hope of offering with impunity a petty affront to England.

The terse and appropriate language of Lord RUSSELL's judicious despatch may perhaps have disappointed Count SPONNECK's expectations. The Greek Government is briefly reminded that no English party is recognised in Greece, and



that foreign Powers do the best service to the country when they abstain from interference. It was not worth while to notice the covert accusation which was contained in Count SPONNECK's demands. As long as Greece thinks proper to submit to misgovernment and anarchy, the consequences will be felt by the community which is itself responsible for disorders. It will not be easy to reply to a courteous and merited reproof, and it is not surprising that some ingenious Greek subordinate should have invented a despatch of an entirely opposite tenor, in which the English FOREIGN SECRETARY was supposed to have threatened armed intervention. The Greeks will perhaps at some future time discover that a chronic exhibition of political incapacity is not the most effective mode of accomplishing their grand project by the revival of the Eastern Empire. The Turks talk less, and they are at present not troubled with universal suffrage. If Greece displayed a model of good government, or even a tolerable example of progress, the Christian subjects of Turkey might not improbably gravitate towards a kindred race. The people, or the populace, of the Ionian Islands have anticipated the natural process of amalgamation with questionable results. The Ionian deputies were accustomed at Corfu to factious violence, to corruption, and to seditious language; but they may perhaps miss at Athens the regular and responsible Government which discharged the functions of protecting life and property, while the Assembly was prattling about English tyranny and the great Panhellenic idea. The respectable part of the community forfeited its right to the continuance of the Protectorate, which it appreciated, by timid or interested servility to the popular clamour against the existing system. It is by no means improbable that the Islands may share in the depression which affects the mainland of Greece. Their representatives, however, may possibly have acquired, under the control of England, a comparatively rational conception of the objects and methods of government. If they use their influence for the discouragement of faction, they will provide the best apology for the coveted amalgamation with Greece.

#### LORD MALMESBURY'S POLITICS FOR FARMERS.

THE season for agricultural oratory must be nearly at an end, and it could not be more appropriately closed than by Lord MALMESBURY's address to the Christchurch farmers. Very wonderful things have been said, both on politics and agriculture, at more than one of these county gatherings, but there is only one Earl of MALMESBURY, and he has not been wanting to his ancient renown. It is no blame to any public speaker to be somewhat graverled for lack of matter at a bucolic dinner. But there is one unfulfilling topic on which the experienced farmers' friend always knows how to fall back. The rule of all agricultural societies is to exclude party politics, and the universal practice is to put into the chair the most eminent party politician whom it is possible to catch. A close analysis of the singular branch of oratory which is thus cultivated would, we believe, bring out the remarkable fact that at least one-half of all that is said on such occasions is composed of a discussion of the extent and meaning of the mock prohibition of the only subject on which most of the speakers are capable of speaking. If the rule were once repealed, it is hard to guess how many of the rural chairmen would get through their task. As a peg for discussion, it admits of the most diverse treatment. One senator of happy audacity will boldly proclaim his intention of defying the conventional rule, and will wile away half of the time which he feels bound to occupy with the most superfine reasons for speaking on the single topic upon which he has anything to say. Another will find the same facility for devouring time in an ingenious argument to prove that a discourse upon the Danish war and the demerits of the PALMERSTON Cabinet is something quite different from a political speech: And so, through a thousand changes, the discussion of what it is legitimate to say is varied to suit the purposes of the victims who are sacrificed in honour of agriculture, and compelled to take the chair at the county dinner. Threadbare as the subject has been worn, it is due to Lord MALMESBURY to say that he has discovered an entirely new and original mode of presenting it. Indeed, he had no choice but to strike out a line of his own. The flippancy way of saying that you are aware of the rule, and mean to disregard it without ceremony, is very effective in the mouth of a young county member, but it would be altogether out of scale with the dignity of the noble ex-Foreign Minister of the Conservative party. The ingeniously evasive artifice of talking politics, while strictly disclaiming all intention to trench upon forbidden ground, requires more dexterity and finesse in the handling of it than

the grandiose style of Lord MALMESBURY could supply; and unless something quite novel could be found to be said on the subject, the Chairman of the South Avon Agricultural Society would have been under the painful necessity of foregoing altogether the topic which forms the stock material of agricultural speeches.

We do not think it ever occurred to any one before Lord MALMESBURY to make a speech upon the text that politics are a subordinate branch of agriculture, and consequently one of the most appropriate subjects that can be introduced at a farmers' meeting. When a speaker is not afraid of his audience, there is nothing like a first-rate paradox for the staple of an address, and the solemnity with which Lord MALMESBURY argued out his thesis must have been irresistibly comical to the assembled farmers. The reasoning, though it is dilated into turgid paragraphs of the high-diplomatic tone, is in itself delightfully simple:—"The issues of peace and war depend upon good government. No one feels the difference between peace and war more keenly than the farmer. Therefore politics are an essential part of the trade of landlords and farmers, and of their general condition as agriculturists." If there were any survivors of the old school of farmers present, who looked back with regret upon the good times of war prices and war profits, they would have recognised the farmers' interest in peace and war in a sense of their own, at least as pertinent as the nonsense of their Chairman; but we should imagine that it would take a long time to beat into the head of a Hampshire rustic Lord MALMESBURY's idea that no man can farm well unless he understands "politics and the state of Europe" as well as the cultivation of wheat and turnips. Certainly, if a man's political intelligence is to be tested by his agricultural wisdom, even Lord MALMESBURY's discrimination in "politics and the state of Europe" may be open to question, for the agricultural counsel which he tendered to his friends would, we fear, get them all into the *Gazette* in a very short time. A young Hampshire farmer, bred up in high Tory principles and absolute faith in Lord MALMESBURY, might well tremble at the task before him. He would have first to impregnate his mind with the notion that his primary duty was to consider how to produce the kind of food which would most conduce to the prosperity of the empire and the well-being of his fellow-subjects. The grovelling idea that he should frequent the markets and grow the corn which would pay him best at the current quotations may be very well for political economists, but is altogether unworthy of Lord MALMESBURY and his model farmer. He must soar far beyond the market town, or even the *Mark Lane Gazette*. If he wishes to make up his mind whether it is prudent to put in wheat, he must first of all ascertain whether the American war is likely to end, and at what freight corn can be shipped from New York to London. When he has "got that figure," as Lord MALMESBURY elegantly expresses it, he is to find out the average price of wheat on the American continent; and as these calculations have to be made at seed-time, and may all be upset before harvest, it must be owned that to be a successful farmer implies very extensive political knowledge and very keen commercial foresight. But until he has first solved these intricate questions, the farmer has no right to an opinion whether wheat is or is not a good crop to sow. As if conscious that he was asking almost too much of his audience, Lord MALMESBURY graciously informed them that he had twice served Her MAJESTY as Foreign Secretary, and was in consequence able to assure them that America would always ship to this country as much wheat as it would be remunerative to send; with which oracular information the farmers must no doubt have gone home quite easy in their minds as to the expediency of sowing wheat for next year's harvest.

But it was not without a purpose that Lord MALMESBURY had cleared the ground of the prohibitory rule against politics; and after preparing the minds of the South Avon agriculturists by his exhibition of wisdom on the subject which they might be supposed to understand, he availed himself of the opportunity to put forth that manifesto on foreign politics which the more judicious leaders of his party had carefully withheld. Whatever Mr. DISRAELI's views may be as to the proper bearing of this country towards the rival American Federations, the King of Prussia, or the Emperor of the FRENCH, there is no longer any mystery about Lord MALMESBURY's convictions. It is satisfactory to know that Lord DERBY's Foreign Minister entertains no doubt about the permanent maintenance of peace, and that, by treating politics as a branch of agriculture, he has hit upon a policy which he feels sure will preserve us at once from the perils of war and the loss of dignity. Like a seer of old, Lord MALMESBURY makes

known his panacea in the form of a parable. A gentleman, he tells us, of unpopular character, was once threatened by an offended neighbour with a punishment, which we can only describe in Lord MALMESBURY's own words. It was to be "a castigation which certainly did not hang over his head, but which he gave him to understand would be of a very 'unpleasant character,' and which was to result in a special mode of ejection from the room. The unhappy subject of the threat consulted Lord ALVANLEY as to the course he ought to take to render the administration of the suggested punishment impossible in case he should find himself in the presence of his enemy. "Sit down directly" was the advice; and for England to sit down directly, says Lord MALMESBURY, is the only certain way to preserve the blessings of peace, to promote the prosperity of agriculture, and "to acquire by our calm" and dignified position the respect of other nations."

It is intelligible that the gentleman in Lord MALMESBURY's parable should have found it convenient to sit down to avoid being kicked out of the room, but it is not quite clear how the respect of other nations is to be gained on the principle of sitting down directly we are threatened with ignominious treatment. Even Mr. COBDEN has never gone the length of advocating the purchase of perpetual peace at such a price as this; and if we remember rightly the charges brought, not wholly without reason, against Lord RUSSELL for his demeanour towards Denmark and Germany, the alacrity with which he sat down when Germany resented his rebukes was not supposed to have contributed to maintain the dignity or the legitimate influence of England. Much has been said of late of the footing which a non-interference policy has gained in this country, but it was reserved for the expectant Foreign Minister of the Conservatives to proclaim the policy of preserving peace, under all circumstances, by sitting down whenever England is threatened with castigation. Whether this would not be a shade too abject even for the bigots of non-intervention we hardly know, but there is certainly room for grave doubts whether a country whose only foreign policy was to avoid being kicked would long be able to escape that catastrophe. It is even more difficult to comprehend how this "calm and dignified" demeanour is to command the respect of foreigners; but those who are anxious to see the result of such an experiment need only give their votes at the next election in favour of the Opposition, and afford Lord MALMESBURY the opportunity of bringing his new discovery to the test of practice. That Lord MALMESBURY should have outdone his former self in bathos is only the natural consequence of assiduous cultivation of his peculiar art, but those who would gladly see each of the great political parties capable, on occasion, of relieving guard at Downing Street, may well be filled with dismay when they find that the only alternative for Earl RUSSELL is the noble Chairman of the South Avon Agricultural Society.

#### PROGRESS.

AS everything is done by association in our days, so there are companies of thinkers, in perhaps a new sense—people who club their ideas and throw them into a common stock, not on account of their identity of thought or aim, but as if with the view of realizing the magic of numbers, the strength of an imposing title, and of a united front against a common foe. One of these companies has taken to itself the striking title of "Advanced Thinkers," with the motto "Excelsior," and shows us what wonders can be effected by a name, not only on those who hear it, but on its self-elected possessors—especially if those who use it do not know its meaning, as is the case both with Mr. Longfellow and the "Advanced Thinkers," who ought all to be, like Saul, taller than their neighbours. The sense of fellowship arising from a common badge and title, the concerted action against established ideas, seems to induce in them a feeling of advance, of general successful movement, which it would have been impossible for the most sanguine member to entertain as a private solitary thinker, and which is so far unreasonable that not one brother of the community holds positively with another, or believes in his panacea. As members of the company, these men talk as though they expected some fundamental radical change in human nature, and as if this change were already at work; and they can so manage books and figures that their accounts shall seem to prove it; only we observe that the view is not an actuating one, and that, in their private capacity, they have no more faith in men than the rest of the world. So we conclude that the theory needs an association for its full development, with a machinery of commissions and reports; for no man of any school, looking about him in a humble retail sort of way, can make his conclusions fit in with theirs. We do not positively deny the facts or deductions of the grand scale, but we are unable to reconcile them with our personal experiences, and we fail to perceive that the members of the fraternity are more successful in this than ourselves.

It is a strange thing, if we think of it, that the world should have reached this time of day and that it should still be matter of dispute whether it is immeasurably better or immeasurably worse than when history first reveals it to us—the disputants not being wholly at variance as to what is better or worse. It really depends on a few points, not of the essence of the question, whether men pronounce the world they live in to be miserably degenerate and vicious beyond all former precedent, or a scene of perpetual improvement—of fair performance, and yet fairer hopes. And it is, perhaps, equally strange to the neutral looker-on that the feelings of a partisan of either faction towards such specimens of the world in dispute as come immediately before him should be so little influenced by his theory, or influenced, if at all, by a rule of contrary. The asserter of progress has apparently arrived at his favourable conclusions in spite of his face-to-face intercourse with mankind, and of a sour, critical tendency that renders ordinary acquaintance distasteful; while the mourner over the world's degeneracy is as likely as not to be a good fellow of the genial sort, who gets on with everybody he meets, and is generally pleased with his company. And this paradox presents itself so often that we come to expect that every proclaimer of the world's perfectibility will despise most people, and hate some one or two with a particular rancour; while the favourite of society, and the man who enjoys himself in it, is pretty sure to be one who sighs for the good old times, and finds nothing in the moderns to compare with the giants of the past. Dr. Johnson, who lived in an age of good fellows, had occasion to quarrel with this universal tendency to exalt the past. "I am always angry when I hear ancient times praised at the expense of modern ones," he says—a sentiment that might almost constitute him a prospective member of the band of associate thinkers, but that his grounds for his opinion would not satisfy their more confident claims, and would reduce him to neutrality in the contest. "There is more learning in the world than there was formerly," he goes on to say, "for it is more universally diffused. We may not have a Bentley or a Newton, but more men know Greek and Latin and mathematics than formerly." Thus he believed in great men of the past, though not in the past's general superiority, and would have had something to say, we doubt not, to Mr. Emerson's view that the world has not yet seen a Man, and that it remains for the New World to produce him. However, this anticipation of a preeminent and model man is not a necessary part of the new hopes. The "advanced thinkers" seem to look rather to a gradual assimilation, to end in universal equality. There is to be no Saul in the future towering above his fellows, for the whole host are to reach Saul's stature. They are ready, in fact, to meet their opponents with the admission that progress is fast doing away with great men. There will be no more philosophers of world-wide fame, because all men will be Aristotles and Bacons; there will be no more learned men, because all will surpass Bentley and Newton. We shall call no man saint, because all will have passed our present standard of saintship.

If we prefer our own age to live in before any other—if we admit that all the appliances and discoveries of our own day would be intolerably missed if we were removed from them, if we are forced to grant, too, that in every past period we know of we should find a lower tone of general opinion than that which prevails now—still we must all allow that there is such a thing as progress, that society in some way improves with time, that not only in science, but also in social morals, some steps are gained as the years roll by, and that these steps, once gained, are permanent acquisitions. Whether it be so or not, we cannot believe it otherwise. We can neither believe that, having learnt the power of steam, men will go back to pack-horses, nor that the moral social enlightenment which they have now reached will ever relapse into degradation and barbarism; and to call the world wiser and better than it was is, we suppose, in a certain sense, to allow that the men and women who compose it are wiser and better. Thus we are all disciples of progress; we are so because, in this sense, it is impossible for men to be otherwise. Nevertheless there is something irritating, and prompting to instinctive contradiction, in the assumptions of "advanced thinkers" on this head. They are for ever saying with the boastful Capaneus, "We are much better than our fathers" —

Far more than heirs of all our parents' fame,  
Our glories darken their diminished name—

"the children of our day know more than the sages of the past," and so on. Under such talk, and even under our own admissions, we know that a fallacy lurks, if they are intended to mean that the old boundaries of human nature, the old capacities for human wisdom and greatness, are extended by the course of acquisition and discovery. It is not knowledge, but thought, which makes the wise man. Just as the children who know so much are very commonplace children still with all their knowledge, so the sages who were ignorant of most of the things they knew were sages still. Nor, for that matter, can we see that the diffusion of useful knowledge, railways, and electricity, and the penny post, would have made them much wiser in the line in which we now look up to and revere them, and still accept them as teachers and exponents. They found their way to the heart of things; they could look as far as we; their imagination could, to say the least, take as long flights; they could think, and feel, and talk, and act, and play the man with any of their descendants, let the world last as long as it may. They left names which will never be surpassed; and this is so universally granted that, to the great majority of men, even to those



who talk most of progress, it would be a joke to compare any one they know with the great men who have been. Extravagance is never felt to have so utterly exceeded bounds as when the hero of the hour is compared with some hero of the past, looking out on us from the far misty distance. Even the boasters have their moments of depression and compulsory homage, like the French sculptor who, after proving to demonstration that his horses were in every respect—in beauty of form, in anatomy, in arrangement—immeasurably superior to the group of Lysippus, broke in upon his *éloge* in a passion of unwilling candour, "*Mais il faut avouer*—it must be granted that those ugly brutes are living and mine are dead." Their own heroes they patronize as their own creation, but what has stood the test of ages and achieved an enduring name they know to be another sort of thing altogether. However, involuntary candour is a frequent visitant to no one, and certainly one cause of the optimists' exaltation of the present is a defective apprehension of past merit; they are too much occupied with themselves and their own views to realize the difficulties and the achievements of previous, and especially remote, times. To such men as Theodore Parker all the thinkers of Christian times before the Reformation are merely puerile "shabby Africans," and the like. It matters not that these Africans gave the cue to ages of thought; they fasten on some weak point, which is never hard to find, draw comparisons between what they know and what the others were ignorant of, and conclude that every tiro of the present day who is well up in its commonplaces excels St. Austin, not only in knowledge, but in grasp and largeness of mind—is morally and intellectually above him. And if, in some points, they cannot prove any advance at all over the past—if the noblest poetry, the grandest architecture, the art of expression in its heroic perfection, is not to be found, is scarcely pretended to in our time—these are things which "advanced thinkers" do not care for, take no account of, and consider we have outlived.

But if we do not expect progress to make the world's great men of the future greater, in the sense of being more able or profounder thinkers than those of the past, its powers will surely be circumscribed as stringently in the opposite direction. Its main action must always be confined to the comparatively few. In spite of seeming participation in the advances of their own time, the labouring classes of all ages must and do bear a close affinity to each other. In matters of food, clothing, diversions, and the mode of spending their day, the difference between an Egyptian or Assyrian field-labourer and an English one is, we suspect, one more of climate than of date. The ancients were probably as clever at their work as the moderns, though they had to work with inferior tools, and were not more inclined to hard mental effort when it was over. There must be a strong likeness in mode of life, and also in ideas, in all men whose days are passed in hard manual labour. And the majority of mankind will always be thus occupied. All the discoveries of science have not as yet lightened the burden by a single grain. "Toil" and "sweat" are words that have not lost anything of their original hard significance, and we cannot seriously suppose that they ever will; and so long as men work their ten or twelve hours a day, abstract thought will have no charms for them. It matters little what scientific phrases are taught at school; they will continue through life unsuggestive sounds. The main interests of the labouring mass of mankind will always be narrow; the affairs of their neighbours will be more to them than books; and such relaxation of body and mind as they can come by will carry it over hard thinking. Progress, through its aids to material comfort, may, and we trust will, advance refinement and morality; but hard labour of mind and hand can never go together, and there cannot be progress of the ambitious, radical, transforming sort without (among other things) much tension of the brain of another sort than the masses of men have known hitherto.

And this is the point where the student of human nature differs from both sides of the discussion, which, in their two extremes, are represented respectively by the optimist and the satirist. The world, he thinks, can never be a wholly different place to live in from what it is now, if it is to be conducted by the sort of people he sees and knows, and who exactly answer to what all past experience has portrayed. To him, perhaps, the satirist presents the more plausible case, as the evil we see with our own eyes makes, and surely ought to make, a greater impression than the evil we merely read of. The one argues on what he sees; the other, as we have said, argues in spite of what he sees. Yet no man with a deep insight into human nature is a satirist, a mere observer of manners. It is hard for him to believe that one age is intrinsically and in all important respects worse than another—much worse or much better. At the worst there is always some redeeming peculiarity of excellence that strikes a sort of balance; while he knows that no advance of science and learning, no wise principles of government, not even the promulgation of a pure religion, will raise the majority of men above the lowest and vilest forms of temptation—that every man is born into the world just as weak and subject to error as his forefathers from the remotest generation, and that no civilization will prevent the recurrence of crime in its simplest and most elementary barbarism. This, perhaps, is the fundamental difference. The optimist is always looking forward to a time when all evils, material, social, and moral, will cease, because mankind will have outgrown the temptation to them. Crime is to become old-fashioned; men will not only lose the temptation to wrong-doing, but will see the absurdity of it. Not so very long ago we were told that war was one of these obsolete errors and exploded

absurdities. We were assured that nations had got past the folly of settling their disputes by cutting one another's throats—that we should probably have no more war as long as the world lasted, and that at any rate a long war was impossible in the present advanced state of public opinion. And the same tone is held towards other forms of evil, social and material. Each new generation is to start impregnated with the wisdom and experience of its predecessors, and free from temptations which they have trampled upon once for all; and thus, building upon heights already attained, a tower is to be raised whose top shall touch heaven. The man who has acquired his opinions from personal observation knows that, in fact, every life is a fresh start—that religion and morality have to begin in each case with the rudiments, and that all which experience can do (and it is something) is to remove some impediments, and to lighten some difficulties in the erection of the superstructure when the foundation is laid.

#### THE NEW GREEK CONSTITUTION.

THE fragments of knowledge which the newspapers give us about the affairs of Greece, as indeed of the smaller States of Europe generally, are, as usual, just enough to make us wish to know a little more. First we hear that Lord Russell has written to reprove the Greeks for their "factions" and their "anarchic demonstrations"—advice which sounds prudent enough, but which also, till we know somewhat more, sounds a little vague. Then a somewhat clearer sort of telegram tells us, first, that the Assembly has voted the abolition of the Senate, and, secondly, that it has declared in favour of universal suffrage. We begin to speculate whether these votes are the same as the "anarchic demonstrations" spoken of by Lord Russell. Our ideas of a "demonstration" are not very clear; we are perhaps a little apt to confound "demonstrations" with "ovations," "complications," or "inaugurations"; still, as far as the words have any meaning, they seemed rather strong words to apply to a regular vote, however extreme or unwise, of a legal Assembly, while they were certainly rather weak words to apply to the brigandage which, we are also told by our telegrams, has appeared again even in the neighbourhood of the capital. Then comes another telegram to say that Lord Russell has written nothing of the sort at all, and we presently get the despatch itself—a quiet and sensible despatch enough, and without a word about "anarchic demonstrations." We then fall upon the votes about the Senate and universal suffrage, which are at least enough to show that the Greek Assembly must be engaged in some sort of constitution-making or other. Beyond this, however, most Englishmen, even if they wish it, have not much chance of getting. The receipt from an Athenian friend of a copy of the proposed Constitution, together with a pamphlet of comment by Diomédès Kyriakos, a Greek lawyer of reputation and a member of the Committee appointed to draw up the scheme, as well as for a time President of the Provisional Government, puts us in the position of knowing something about the matter. We hasten therefore to give those of our readers who may care about such things the benefit of our study of the last-made European Constitution.

We may begin by saying that our guide, Mr. Kyriakos, seems to be a man of sound constitutional principles, and to have carefully studied political science in the constitutions and history of most European States. We gather that he does not understand English, since, for English matters, he refers to foreign works and translations; but he has a respect for English institutions which we of course think highly creditable to him, and he is commonly well informed on English affairs. Once or twice, however, he makes slips, the most serious being his fancying that Sir Robert Peel was raised to the Peerage. As a mere slip this might not be worth mentioning, did not Mr. Kyriakos use the supposed fact in support of his own views about the Greek Senate. Mr. Kyriakos, it is clear, has read and thought a great deal on political matters, and, in most parts of Europe, we should be ready to accept him as an enlightened and moderate political guide. Our only doubt is whether all this elaborate constitutional discussion is not thrown away on a country in the position of Greece. Constitutional Kings and responsible Ministries, Senates and Houses of Representatives, the royal veto and the right of impeachment, are all admirable things in their proper places. But one cannot help asking whether, instead of a boy-king and an elaborate Constitution, Greece does not really want a very few broad principles of good government clearly set forth, and a great ruler to carry them out in practice with a strong hand.

A great writer, and one who knows Greece, old and new, better than anybody else, says that the real difference between a good government and a bad one consists in the answer to be given to one question. Can public officers, of whatever rank, be freely prosecuted by private citizens before the ordinary Courts? If they can, with the same assurance of an impartial decision as in a case between two private citizens, the government, whatever its form, is a good one; if not, whatever its form, it is a bad one. Applying this rule, the proposed Greek Constitution is not fully entitled to the name of "good," but it is at least much better than that which went before it. By the Constitution of 1844, the consent of the Government was needed for the prosecution of any public officer for any official act. This is of course the very essence of French functionary-worship, the principle which has made liberty equally impossible in France under Kings, Republics, and "Emperors." This principle is well denounced by Mr. Kyriakos, who seems thoroughly to understand how much turns upon the point. The new Constitution takes away this restriction, but it

makes an exception which we do not understand, and as to the exact intention of which Mr. Kyriakos does not enlighten us. The 19th article runs thus:—

Ορίσμεναι προηγουμένη άδεια απαιτείται πρὸς εξαγωγήν εἰς δικήν τῶν δημοσίων ὑπαλλήλων διὰ τὰς περὶ τὴν ὑπηρεσίαν ἀποποιούσας πράξεις αὐτῶν, ἡτέρας τῶν περὶ ὑποργῶν εἰδικῶς διατεταγμένων.

The *ύπουργοι* are the "Ministers," the King's responsible Cabinet, who in Greece are a body recognised by the law. Now, though the meaning of the exception, even when compared with the articles of the Constitution which define the position of the Ministers, is not very clear, it is quite clear that some special privilege is here conferred on the Ministers. Now the Ministers ought to have no special privilege; they ought to be as much amenable to the ordinary courts as a parish constable is. It is undoubtedly true that in England actions are seldom brought against the actual advisers of the Crown, except by foolish or mad people, who get nothing by bringing them. This, however, does not prove that our system is ineffectual, but that it is most thoroughly effectual. Prevention is better than cure. The liability to such actions hinders the great officers of the State from doing any acts which would lay them open to such actions. The present enactment is undoubtedly a great step in the right direction, and it may hinder a great deal of petty wrongdoing. But, as long as it makes any exception of any kind, it is imperfect. The true provision, as suggested by the great authority to whom we have above referred, would be something like this:—"All Greeks are equally subject to the law, and amenable in similar cases to the same tribunals. Neither rank, office, nor the command of a superior, whether civil, military, or ecclesiastical, can exempt any Greek from answering before the ordinary tribunal for any act affecting another person. He whom the act affects has his action for punishment, redress, or indemnity against the wrong-doer, without reference to his position; for in Greece the law knows no distinction of persons."

The Constitution of Greece, as proposed by the Committee, was to take the usual form of a constitutional monarchy with two legislative Chambers. These last, the telegrams tell us, the Assembly has voted to reduce to one. The Senators were to be nominated for life by the King—a system which Mr. Kyriakos defends at great length. The Senate or House of Lords is the great puzzle of all constitution-makers. The advantages of the "Other House" are obvious. It is a great gain to have everything discussed twice, and for one of these discussions to be by a body which, while it has no interests foreign to those of the people, does not represent the mere popular cry of the moment. The difficulty is to find a body serving the purpose. In England we have our House of Lords ready made. No one would invent it if it were not ready made; but it is ready made, and so it serves its purpose. In the United States and in Switzerland the two Chambers are an absolute necessity. The House of Representatives or *Nationalrath* represents population; the Senate or *Ständerath* represents the equal sovereign rights of the States. The Federal Constitution would be imperfect without either, and therefore they serve their purpose. The case is less clear where there is no House of Lords ready made, and no principle like that of State-Rights to require a distinct representation. The Senate, whether elective or nominated, then becomes one of those elegant political creations which look so pretty on paper, but which work but badly in the every-day world. There is nothing which can be so easily made an instrument of corruption as a nominated Senate. There is no doubt that the vote of the Greek Assembly is meant as a strong national protest against the way in which the Senate was perverted in the days of Otho, and which no one denounces more strongly than Mr. Kyriakos himself. Against an essentially righteous feeling like this a merely ingenious political combination was not likely to stand its ground. Perhaps the best model for Greece in this matter would be the noble kingly republic at the furthest corner of Europe. The Storting of Norway consists of only one elective Chamber, but, in order that everything may be twice discussed, that Chamber elects a sort of "Other House" from among its own members.

A King of the Greeks, according to Mr. Kyriakos, is to be very far from a puppet or a sinecurist. He is only to reign, and not to govern; he is irresponsible, placed above moral, as well as political and legal, censure. His Ministers are to do all the hard work; still there is so much for him to do himself that the office is hardly one which can be safely given away at random. The place, as described by him, seems rather beyond the powers of a foreign boy, Bavarian, English, or Danish. It would seem to call for, not exactly a genius, but a man of great experience, dignity, discretion, and impartiality—the sort of man, in short, who would make a good Archbishop of Canterbury or a good Speaker of the House of Commons. Every-day administrative and legislative work he must not meddle with; he moves in a higher sphere. He must have a personal will in many matters; when to dissolve Parliament, when to dismiss his Ministers, when to make new Senators—in other words, when to swamp the House of Lords; he is also generally to look after everything from the seventh heaven of irresponsibility. We will make some extracts from Mr. Kyriakos' picture of a patriot King, as to many readers it may be interesting to see how discussions of such matters look in a modern Greek dress:—

Δὶν εἶναι ἄρα γε μᾶλλον βασιλικαὶ καὶ πρίπουσαι αἱ ὑψηλαὶ σφίσεις, πῶς νὰ κατορθώσῃ, ἢ ἀνωτάτης καὶ ὅλης ἀπαθείας περιωπής ὑμνῶν καὶ συνδυάζουσα τὰ τε πρόσωπα καὶ πράγματα, νὰ μετριάσῃ καὶ εἰ

δυνατὸν ἐξευγενισθῇ ἡ τῶν πολιτικῶν κομμμάτων ἑταίρε, νὰ διατρανώσῃ ἡ ἀρετὴ καὶ ἀναδειχθῶσιν ἄνδρες τῇ πατρίδι χρήσιμοι, νὰ βελτιωθῇ ἡ ἀποδοτικότητα ἡ ὑπηρεσία, νὰ ἡθοποιήσῃ ἡ κοινωνία, νὰ ἀναπτύχῃ ὁ ἰδιωτικὸς καὶ ὁ δημοσιὸς πλοῦτος. Ὅθιν βασιλεύει τὸν βασιλῆα δὲν σημαίνει τὸ ἐπὶ τοῦ θρόνου ἀναπαύεσθαι καὶ ἀμυμονεῖν περὶ τῶν πραγμάτων καὶ προσώπων, ὡς ἐν χλεῖρ λίγανον οἱ μὴ ἐπὶ σκοπίαι συμφορὰν εἰς τὴν ἡφαρμόγην τοῦ δόξατος τοῦτου. Ἐν πολιτείᾳ μάλιστα, ἥτις ἡδύτης χρῆζι ἀναπλάσεις, τὸ βασιλικώτερον ἔργον εἶναι νὰ προνοήσῃ ὁ ἡγεμὼν περὶ ἡθοποιήσεως τῆς κοινωνίας καὶ μορφώσεως ἱκανῶν καὶ συνάμα ἱναρίτων Ὑπουργῶν καὶ ἄλλων ἐν τῇ αἰσίᾳ, οἵτινες ἐν τῇ ἐκπληρώσει τῶν καθηκόντων τῶν διακρινόμενοι ἐπὶ νομοθεσίᾳ, ἡμεθροβίᾳ καὶ τιμότητι, νὰ περισπῶνται τὴν εὐλασίαν καὶ ὑπόληψιν τῶν πολιτῶν, ἱνακούσης οὕτω τῆς Κυβερνήσεως πατρικῇ ἐπὶ τῶν πολλῶν ἐπιφορῶν καὶ συνταυτιζομένης μετὰ τοῦ ἔθνους. Τόσῳ μᾶλλον ἀκούστως, ἀξιοπρεπῶς καὶ πράγματι ἀνυθύνως, καθ' ἡμᾶς, θλίμι ἡμερῶν ἡ βασιλεία, καθ' ὅσον ἄλλοτερον θλίμι ἀναμνησθῆσαι εἰς τὴν καθάραν ἐνοίκειαν, ἣν πρέπει ἐνώπιον πάντων νὰ ἡμερῶν λόγῳ καὶ ἔργῳ τὸ ἀπείθυνον Ὑπουργίον.

It is curious, in reading Mr. Kyriakos' pamphlet, to see how the misgovernment of Otho is, without any violence of language, constantly assumed and commented upon as a thing about which there is no difference of opinion. This comes out very clearly in his discussion of the royal prerogative of mercy, which, both by the old Constitution and by the proposed scheme, is to include the power of granting an amnesty. This power was so abused under Otho that Mr. Kyriakos argues that, while other royal ordinances require the signature of only one responsible Minister, an amnesty should require the signatures of the whole Ministry. Thus alone will there be some slight guarantee that the right of amnesty is not abused. His words are very emphatic:—*μόνη ἡ ἀμνηστία τῶν Ὑπουργῶν δύναται νὰ παράσῃ μερὰν τινα ἰσχύειν, ὅτι οὐχὶ ἀτόπως ἐξέδωκε τῆς ἀνεστῆτας διάταγμα.* It is evident, from the length and earnestness with which Mr. Kyriakos discusses the question, that this is a matter of real importance in the actual state of Greece. We should have thought that such a power ought to be entrusted to nothing short of the Legislature itself. To amnesty a whole district, or army, or other large body of men, is quite another thing from the prerogative, inherent in any Executive power, of pardoning a convicted criminal in any particular case. But the Government of Otho seems to have done anything it pleased. Mr. Kyriakos complains of utterly illegal violations of private property as something altogether familiar.

In discussing this Constitution we must remember that the Ministry—*τὸ ὑπουργεῖον*—is made by it a body known to the law, an essential element in the constitution, not something conventional, as with us. But in Greece there is no Privy Council, and of course our "Cabinet" is strictly a sort of unrecognised Committee of the Privy Council. While, however, we are writing thus, another telegram tells us that the King has demanded, and the Assembly voted, the appointment of a "Council of State." How this "Council" is to differ from a Senate (*γερονσία*) on the one hand, and from a Ministry (*ὕπουργιον*) on the other, we are left in the dark. Another thing to be remarked is that the scheme does not fix the qualification for electors of representatives; it is left to the Legislature to settle this by law. And here steps in another telegram to tell us that the Assembly has voted for universal suffrage.

The great fault of this Constitution, as it seems to us, is that it in no way provides for municipal or communal liberties. That is, it begins at the wrong end; it does nothing to reform the greatest evil of those which constitutions can hope to reform. Whether the abolition of the land-tax in kind comes within the sphere of a Constituent Assembly may be doubted. We in England, however, have but vague ideas what the sphere of a Constituent Assembly is, and every Greek and every friend of Greece ought to rejoice to get rid of the abomination anyhow.

In the middle of all this, if the telegrams may be trusted, another voice has spoken still more plainly than Lord Russell was slanderously reported to have spoken. If the Assembly is not quicker about its work, the King will "use his liberty of action." This sounds rather different from Mr. Kyriakos' ideal description of a King. Is King George going to do something more than reign or govern either? Perhaps he may be right; till we get clearer light than telegrams give us, we must be doubtful. But we must confess to some natural regret if, after we have, with some pains, spelled out both Constitution and commentary in the original, both Constitution and commentary should become waste paper, before our Greek friends have even the chance of knowing how much they have been in our thoughts.

#### EQUALITY.

THERE is no belief which the political writers and thinkers of this generation have entertained more undoubtedly than that political institutions generally are tending towards equality, and have been moving in that direction for some time past. Agreement in this conviction is not confined to those to whom it gives satisfaction. The thinkers of all schools, the worshippers of the past and of the future alike, the eulogists of the good old days and the believers in the good time coming, seem, or till lately seemed, to have no doubt that we were drifting steadily towards political as well as social equality. The strange turn that has taken place in the history, first, of France, and afterwards of America, has in some degree discouraged this belief. But it is still extensively prevalent. It may be detected underlying the reasoning of even the most moderate public writers and speakers. They do



not wish for the advent of political equality, for they see the enormous danger to freedom and property that it would involve. But they do not seem to believe that it can be averted altogether. Their tone is as if our progress thither could not be arrested absolutely, though there may be a possibility of applying the break so vigorously as to make the journey last for a very long time. They argue on the foregoing conclusion that the only question practically left for us to settle is the question, not of ultimate destination, but of faster or slower movement.

So general a conviction must have some foundation, and the ground for it is not very difficult to discover. It is plain to the most superficial observer that the set of thoughts and feelings which in past times constituted the most effective obstacle to equality are becoming rapidly extinct. The belief in birth was carried to a more extravagant extent in mediæval times than any other of the peculiar notions of that period, and was the cardinal antagonist with which philosophical or religious preachers of equality had to contend. So far as it is safe to predict anything in political matters, there seems to be no danger in assuming that the belief in birth is doomed. It has utterly perished in France; it never existed in America; it is confined, in Germany, to those who would benefit by its prevalence; and in England, its last stronghold, it is weakening every year. If, therefore, the coming of a reign of equality depended upon a disappearance of the belief in birth, there can be no doubt that the reign of equality is at hand. But this is a condition which requires to be proved, and which has been somehow or other assumed as self-evident. The old form of inequality may be dying out, but it does not follow that it cannot reappear in any other. It is worth while to inquire whether the development and tendencies of modern society are or are not favourable to political equality.

It is obvious that the state of society most favourable to equality is that in which those things which all men, or most men, have in common bear the highest comparative value. In a condition of things in which man's two great needs, subsistence and self-defence, depend chiefly on a strong right arm, inequalities of society will be very slight. There will be the temporary superiorities which are conferred by greater muscular strength, but these are dependent upon youth and health. There will be also the superiority which cleverness and character will secure even in the rudest communities. But this is the mildest type of inequality, and one to which the most advanced democrat will rarely take exception. There is also the superiority which birth or religious office may confer; but these are purely conventional distinctions, representing no actual superiority in those who rule, but only a belief in those who submit. Taking only real independent power into the calculation, men stand pretty much upon a level in a state of society in which muscle is the main source of force. But it is clear that the levels begin to be altered the moment that science is called in to furnish forces which shall take the place of muscle. The application of science involves accumulated wealth, and in the long run, whatever temporary difference ingenuity may make, the resources of science will be most available to those who have the most wealth at their command. In proportion, therefore, to the development of science, the distance between man and man will widen. At the bottom of the scale will remain those who have nothing but the powers that nature gave them; and above them, in proportionate gradation, those whose accumulated wealth enables them to supplement their natural powers. It is a distinction more extreme than those which are artificially created by religious beliefs, or by gradations of social rank; and it is more ineffaceable, because it depends on nobody's consent. The possessor of apparatus that places any natural source of power at his command may use it without inquiring whether those against whom he exercises it believe in him or not. The simplest illustration of the comparison is furnished by the instance of firearms. The distinction between Montezuma and his people, which was entirely conventional, was trivial compared to that established by science between Cortes with his band of ruffians and the multitudinous nation whom he conquered. The power of Montezuma over his people would have been at an end the moment they ceased to believe in his celestial descent and his divine rights. But against the power of Cortes there was no appeal for any who were not able to obtain similar assistance from scientific discovery. The same kind of illustration is furnished by the success of the scanty forces of the Western Powers against the vast population of China; and still more strikingly by the invariable superiority of the Federals at sea over an enemy with whom, when forces are equal, they are never able to contend in the field. The possession or the power of purchasing "plant," apparatus, *matériel*, or by whatever other name the material embodiment of scientific discovery may be called, confers a superiority against which mere qualities of hand, or heart, or head are powerless to struggle.

What is true of a conflict between two nations must be still more true of a conflict between the poorer classes of a community and their government. They are absolutely destitute of any strength except that of numbers. They have no force except that which nature gives them, and the slight assistance in the way of arms that their scanty contributions can collect. The government, on the other hand, by its office, is bound to have at its disposal the costliest apparatus of warfare that science can supply. Cavaignac showed practically how powerless the most desperate and skilful insurgents were against the military resources even of his time; and in the sixteen years that have since elapsed, science has more than doubled

the power of *matériel* as against men. The physical force, therefore, of the multitude is waning, not increasing, as time goes on. Governments are becoming more and more powerful to set insurrection at defiance. Of course, if they run away, as Louis Philippe did, no amount of superiority of force will avail them. But, assuming equal courage on both sides, there can be no question that governments are in a better condition to resist insurgents than they were half a century ago, and there can be very little doubt that in another half century their superiority will have increased still more. But this superiority, if it exists, disposes of the whole question of "inevitable democracy." The assumed physical force of the multitude is the basis of the whole theory. The only reason for admitting that the poorer classes, if they demand to have the government in their own hands, must be obeyed, is the belief that they are in a condition to extort obedience. "It will be asked for in louder tones, and it will be taken by a rougher hand than mine," was Mr. Bright's argument to the middle and upper classes to induce them to concede Reform. In looking forward to a system of political equality as inevitable, no one, except a few fanatics, believes that it will be brought about by the unaided action of moral force. Apart from all questions of insurrection, no considerable number of persons would venture to argue that the powers of government ought by preference to be confided to the hands of the hungry and ignorant rather than to the upper and middle classes. The vast majority of those who argue in favour of concession do so with the spectre of horrible revolution before their eyes. The grounds upon which their political views are based are chiefly a conviction that no force capable of resisting popular clamour remains, and that, as that clamour is sure to be raised on the first occasion of commercial distress, it would be both wiser and more graceful to yield now what will be extorted then. The argument is impregnable, if it be true that no force capable of resisting popular clamour remains. It is also true that the set of feelings which are generally described as feudal, and which used to be the "cheap defence of order," are little more than ornamental sentiments now. But the point which the advocates of democracy have neglected to examine is, whether the relative strength of governments and insurrections has not been materially altered within the last quarter of a century, and whether the discoveries of science have not more than redressed the balance between property and numbers.

Of course, in making such an analysis of forces on each side, it is necessary to pass by all questions of moral obligation, not because their importance is diminished, but because it is more convenient, for purposes of calculation, to deal with only one set of forces at a time. The mere pressure of moral obligation may no doubt produce many changes. It ought to better, in numerous ways, the condition of the more helpless classes of society, and in a great degree it doubtless will do so. But it never can have the effect of inducing those who have much knowledge, and little temptation to misgovernment, to transfer political power from themselves to the classes whose knowledge is small, and whose temptations are enormous. Such a concession can only be wrung from them by the fear that it will be worse for them if they do not yield. Any fear of the kind is based upon a miscalculation of forces, according to the proportion which they now bear. The computation is still more erroneous in regard to the probable future than it is in regard to the present. It is a miscalculation which is very prevalent, and which may lead to infinite harm, because it may produce concessions which can never be recalled, and which can only lead to ruin. If it were dissipated by a calmer scrutiny of the proportion of force which actually exists, we should hear little more of the inevitable advent of democracy.

#### CONJURORS SPIRITUAL AND UNSPIRITUAL.

"ENVY doth merit as its shade pursue," and the Wizard of the North is running those ingenious youths, the brothers Davenport, very hard. St. James's Hall and the Hanover Square Rooms are now fairly pitted against each other. Mr. Palmer, the speculator and *entrepreneur* of the American thaumaturgists, is confronted by Mr. Anderson, and much, if not all, of the Davenport mysteries has been repeated by a Mr. Sutton and little Miss Anderson. And what the avowed conjurors at St. James's Hall have done, another professional sleight-of-hand man, M. Tollemarke, has done at Eccleston Square, according to a statement of "F. S. A.," which is formally adopted and vouched for by the Editor of the *Builder*. There is, if not a difference, yet something of a distinction between the two exhibitions. Tweedle-dee is not quite tweedle-dum, but remarkably like it. On the whole, we should say that the avowed and acknowledged conjurors have the best of it. In the first place, they do not operate in the dark, and they make no claim to supernatural powers. For it will not do for the Davenports to say that they are really ignorant of their special gifts. As spiritualists they exhibited in the United States and Canada; as spiritualists they were described and claimed at Washington; "their mediumship" was announced to be "of a distinctive and very extraordinary character"; and both the *Spiritual Magazine* for September and October and the *Spiritual Times* contain more than one formal and positive description of their "manifestations" as the last and most crowning proof of spiritualism. The hands are described as "spirit-hands," and it is summarily pronounced "that a more full examination" of the Davenport manifestations "will only show beyond question the interference of invisible beings." This point in the

case we are not going to lose sight of, that it was as "media," as instruments of "invisible beings," as means of communication with the unseen world, that these American lads were brought to England. It may, of course, suit their bear-leader, Mr. Ferguson, to "explain that it is not his intention to claim" here in England "that the effects are produced by spirit power"; but this was his claim in America, and it is the claim of the *Spiritual Magazine* still. And this playing fast and loose is really the worst feature in the Davenport manifestations. No doubt it is more prudent to avoid a formal identification of the Hanover Square performances with the sublime mysteries unfolded by Mr. Home and Mr. Forster; but the Davenports are all things to all men—media with the spiritualists; phenomena with the doubtful; anything, nothing, what you will, unconscious possessors of a nameless power and undefinable gifts, with the world at large.

Mr. Anderson, at any rate, we can make out. He tells us what he is. He makes his living by conjuring and playing tricks. He has brought up his family to what he calls his profession; and every wall in London bears witness to his desire to be notorious. On Tuesday afternoon he gave a public display, not of his own powers, but of those of Mr. Sutton and of his daughter in tying and untying themselves, in showing ghostly hands, and in getting tambourines to play apparently by themselves. He says that this exhibition was not meant as a reply to the Davenport brothers, but only to show that what they did could be done by other people, and by very mundane means—by simple sleight-of-hand, and some undescribed but special nimbleness of muscle. As far as we can make out by the descriptions of the Anderson manifestations and the Davenport manifestations, it is six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. In both cases, there is a large cabinet, into which the performers are shut up; in both cases, they are first securely manacled and bound; in both cases, they are "discovered" unbound; in both cases, a hideous concert is performed in the packing-case in which the performers are enclosed tied fast with ropes and knots; in both cases, a mystic hand, apparently unattached to a body, is displayed; in both cases, the coat of the performer while bound flies off his back. For all reasonable purposes there is no difference in the two shows. The distinction merely amounts to this:—The Davenport cabinet is in three divisions; the Anderson packing-case is in four. Anderson's peep-hole is at the side, and the Davenports' in the middle; at the end of the jangling and crashing of the fiddles and bells the Davenports appear bound, while Mr. Sutton and the little girl Anderson are unloosed; and there is some use made of flour and phosphorus in one case, which is not attempted in the other. But the real and central fact, that any clever conjuror can, in an incredibly short time, slip himself out of any complication of knots without untying them, is common to both exhibitions. It may well be that the Davenports, who have had a long experience and practice of their limbs, are the best artists, and can do some things which little Miss Anderson and Mr. Sutton are not yet up to. But the difference between the performers is a difference only of degree, not of principle. In either case we are totally at a loss to understand the exhibition. Mr. Sutton as completely puzzles us as the Davenports would do. Were we to see either of them a hundred times, we take for granted that we should be able to make nothing of it. And here the matter rests. Time may hang heavily upon people's hands, and if they can spend an hour to their satisfaction in witnessing anything so inconceivably dull and stupid as all this wretched legerdemain, why they may go to Hanover Square or Regent Street indifferently. The only difference is that one show costs a guinea, and the other will probably be offered at a shilling. The performers may call their show spiritual manifestations, or prestidigitation, just as they please. Cæsar and Pompey are very much alike. The world has always been divided into the toutcosmos men and the allos-cosmos men. The Platonists will be all for Davenport and the "sperrits," and the Aristotelians will rally round their very material Anderson. A very pretty wrangle will be made of it, and we are ready to anticipate that the spiritualists will hedge. Already—see our old friend the *Spiritual Magazine*—they have prepared a loop-hole. Sutton will perhaps be said to be a spiritualist, only he will not own it; and "we happen to know that one of Mr. Anderson's daughters is a remarkable medium" (*Spiritual Magazine* for October). So two courses are open to the anti-Andersonians. If spiritually disposed, they will convict Mr. Sutton and Miss Anderson of conscious or unconscious mediumship. But if, like most of the Davenport faction, they decline to commit themselves, they will make the most of the discrepancy said to exist between the conditions under which the rival tricks are done, but which discrepancy we fail to perceive.

Meanwhile, we are getting a little more light thrown upon the vouchers for the Davenport brothers. When these luminaries rose, they shed their first rays of light at the residence, as it was announced, "of a man of letters, whose character for truth and gravity it would be impertinence to eulogize." So wrote a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. This man of letters turns out to be Mr. Dion Bouicault the actor, a gentleman whose character for truth and gravity it would certainly be very impertinent—that is, not pertinent to the matter in hand—to eulogize. But the truthful and grave man of letters has written a very odd letter, which Lord Bury has not thought it impertinent to remark upon, and certainly not eulogistically. Indeed, the gravity of the man of letters seems to have struck

Lord Bury quite as much as the truthfulness. It appears that Mr. Dion Bouicault invited Lord Bury, among other gentlemen of some mark, to a "séance by the brothers Davenport at his house." After the *séance*, Mr. Bouicault says, "Lord Bury suggested that the general opinion seemed to be that we should assure the Davenports and Mr. Fay that, after a very stringent trial and strict scrutiny of their proceedings, the gentlemen present could arrive at no other conclusion than that there was no trace of trickery in any form, and certainly there were neither confederates nor machinery, and that all those who had witnessed the results would freely state, in the society in which they moved, that, so far as their investigations enabled them to form an opinion, the phenomena which had taken place in their presence were not the product of legerdemain. This suggestion was promptly assented to by all present." The statement is calm, measured, complete, and explicit, and does credit to "the gravity" of "the man of letters," and no doubt Lord Bury thinks that his host's "character for truth it would be an impertinence to offer an opinion about." And it would be very impertinent after Lord Bury's slight correction of Mr. Bouicault's letter. Lord Bury wishes to point out "an important omission." From Mr. Bouicault's letter, says Lord Bury—

One would gather that I had proposed to the gentlemen present at the meeting to give a kind of certificate to the Messrs. Davenport. Such was not the case. After the performance which Mr. Bouicault describes, a paper was handed round, which I and others were asked to sign. It referred the manifestations to some mysterious agency which scientific men were earnestly entreated to investigate, and, if I remember right, gave a sort of certificate to the performers that, after careful investigation, we could find no trace of trickery of any form. The gentleman who had the paper argued that it would be simply fair to the brothers Davenport if we gave them some such certificate. I at once said that we should only make ourselves ridiculous if we signed such a paper, and I for one refused to do so. I added that all the brothers Davenport could reasonably expect from us was that we should state in society the simple truth—viz. that we had failed to detect any evidence of trickery or collusion. Mr. Bouicault makes no mention of this paper; it was withdrawn. I have really formed no theory whatever on the subject of the performance. I went to see a show, and I entirely object to being held as the apologist for the showmen because I have failed to discover their mode of operation.

That is to say, Lord Bury went to see a stupid show, and could not find out how the tricks were done; whereupon the man of letters quotes Lord Bury as a witness for the mysteries generally, and a voucher for the necessity of applying scientific evidence to the case of an unknown law in nature. Yet Lord Bury says only what all reasonable men would say, that he had gone to see a show, and had failed to find out how the showmen managed their performance. This illustration of the way in which facts are dealt with by "men of letters whose character for truth and gravity it would be impertinent to eulogize," is not without its value as bearing on the sources of history. It shows us what testimony, even contemporaneous testimony, may sometimes amount to.

These tedious discussions, these miserable little controversies and disputes, these wrangles about such nonsense, are a sad and humiliating commentary on our alleged illumination. After all, we are little better than our neighbours or our fathers. It is some consolation that there are greater fools than ourselves. At Clonmel, the other day, "the Carrick witch" was tried for fraudulently obtaining goods from some dupes by showing a woman the spirit of her father. The "sperrit" was a very sensible one, and asked for and obtained plenty of bread, butter, tea, and whisky. On the whole, we like the Clonmel spirit a good deal better than those which honour us through the mediumship of Mr. Home and his friends. A spirit who enjoys the good things of this world, and has no objection to potheen, is a much more respectable specimen of the other world than the stupid *diabolins*, and ungrammatical elves, whose highest achievement is to write bad English and to tweak people's noses in the dark. If we are to have spirit messages, the familiar of the Carrick witch—a good fellow who has still a relish for whisky-punch—is much more to the purpose than the Hanover Square manifestations. And in either case the testimony of the skilled witnesses is equally valuable. Mr. Dion Bouicault has no doubt about the reality of the manifestations; and the dupe of the Carrick witch was perfectly satisfied that "he saw and knew his father-in-law sitting in a chair," though he had been dead for years. The evidence in one case is precisely as good as in the other.

#### ECONOMICS AFLOAT.

THE habit of emptying bumpers to the toast of "the Army and Navy" predisposes most persons who have no special relations with either to suppose a resemblance close as that of the Siamese twins between those services, as regards the pay, chances of promotion, and professional prospects of the officers in each. They are, however, in fact, hardly more alike than either of them is like the Civil Service. The chief heads of disparity we take to be the following:—First, the Army is entered by those who pass for men, whereas the great object of "my Lords" in officiating Her Majesty's Navy is to catch their recruits as young as possible; secondly, the isolation of active service afloat, each ship having a completeness, separateness, and distinct personal identity, which largely modifies not only the formation of individual character among her officers, but all that goes to make up their professional comfort and well-being; thirdly, as compared with the army, the absence of any system of promotion by purchase; and, fourthly, the rules which, partly as a consequence of the last previous head, regulate the course of retirement from the service.



First, then, boys become naval cadets of the first class about the age they would enter at Harrow; and the training-ship is, in effect, a public school afloat, without cricket, foot-ball, or "hare-and-hounds." The youngster is examined before joining it, and before leaving it; and is expected to get through it in a year, in the course of which there are also four quarterly examinations. He then passes out a middy, perhaps in his fourteenth year, undergoes an intermediate, and again a final, examination for his lieutenantcy, which he is competent to achieve when nineteen years of age. His admiring country is by this time convinced of the satisfactory character of his attainments, and ceases to regard him as *in statu pupillari*. This protracted period of naval education has occasioned a call for a large number of "naval instructors," who often combine with that responsibility holy orders and the post of chaplain. We ought, therefore, to compare the naval cadet and middy not so much with anything in the army as with what boys are at our public schools. Yet of course the analogy fails at many points. The naval youngster has already begun serious life, and reckons "sea-time"—the stuff which his whole term of professional service is made of. He may be in actual command of armed men bound on a life-and-death enterprise, and, setting warlike chances aside, may find repeated occasions when his own and a number of other lives depend on his calmness of nerve, decision, and skill. For instance, he may be called on to steer the cutter under circumstances when, if he handles her clumsily, she will be staved. The effect of such a moral training while in the teens is enormous, nor can anything which youth elsewhere undergoes in the course of education be substituted for or compared with it. The training-ship, moreover, is not so much a school as a single monster class of boys, all about the same age, and being trained in the same subjects. But, to make up for the deficiency of that stimulus which accrues from a subordination of ages, we have here the discipline of the Royal Navy superadded to that of a school, and the immediate prospect of a sea-going ship, with the fact of pay and the possibility of prize-money, or whatever else, among the loftier prizes of the profession, youthful heroism may deem within its reach.

And now as to the all-important topic of the parental purse. We can assure all parents who can tolerate salt-water as a professional choice for their sons, that the scale of first outlay is moderate, and that annual allowances rule low. A boy's outfit for the *Britannia* training-ship, including all his *miscellanea* of personal equipment, instruments, books, and what not, appears to come to about 60*l.*, and a similar list of necessities on going to sea is estimated at 110*l.* Then, for his keep while in the training-ship, 10*l.* is expected to be paid down before the lad joins her, and 10*l.* more at the end of each quarter. Then, *per contra*, the naval cadet's pay is 11*d.* a day, and that of a midshipman nearly double; nor, after the outfit for a sea-going ship, is there any increase in the annual outlay of a father on his son when a middy, save, of course, as the youth's taste for extravagance may unfold itself. We should be glad to hear of any profession, carrying the stamp of a gentleman indelibly upon it, in which a boy of thirteen can earn 11*d.* a day, or nearly 17*l.* a year, rising at fifteen to over 30*l.*, while he mixes at the same time freely in the society of his equals, and is kept out of harm's way, for about 40*l.* or 50*l.* annually. This amount is one-third or one-fourth of what the same boy would cost at Harrow or Eton, and is not more, we believe, than what a clergyman can get his son schooled for at Marlborough College, where the charges are supposed to be kept studiously low. We have not taken into account in this view the above-mentioned charges for outfits, because they chiefly represent, as we have said, the expenses of personal equipment and the appliances of study, which equally would not be included in the general school-charge. We say nothing of the cost of a boy's subscriptions to cricket or rowing, which swell school-expenses, nor, on the other hand, of the saving to the cadet of the possible contingency of a doctor's bill, which on board ship costs the patient nothing. The Royal Navy, we conclude, offers in these early stages large advantages in order to conciliate maternal reluctance, and takes a boy on terms of economy just when he is beginning to prove ordinarily an expensive burden. But we ought not to omit the fact that the moral and religious care of the cadet or middy falls regularly under the charge of the naval chaplains of the *Britannia*, or of the ship's chaplain in which he may be launched afloat. If the naval chaplains are not inferior in zeal and charity to their black-coated brethren ashore—and we see no reason to assume such inferiority—this ought to be viewed as a great blessing to the boy, not only for its intrinsic value, but because it is wrought into the whole fabric of discipline, and is backed by the grand principle of obedience to authority. Of course the actual contact of the chaplain with his younger charges is liable to be circumscribed by the routine of the service, and may easily sink to a perfunctory minimum. But, on the other hand, where life touches life so closely as on board ship, a chaplain who has the gift of personal influence can exercise it to an extent almost unknown among the relations of secular business ashore.

But of course the sources of extravagance are rarely found, even in the army, among the regulation charges for such expenses as the service deems necessary; nor, in the navy, can we absolutely say that the margin which those charges do not include is so small as to reduce that danger practically to *nil*. The responsibility of discouraging needless expenditure rests, together with all other moral regimen for which the *lex scripta* cannot provide, mainly with the officer in command. If he sets his face against illicit

accounts with the steward on board, or needless "flings" ashore, the youth in his train will follow his lead in happiness and contentment. If he is known to be lax and given to connive at irregularity and indebtedness, the heedless youngsters will take the full length of the tether which he leaves slack. But in order to encourage conscientious commanders in keeping a tight hand on such practices, we have on record a circular from head-quarters under the date of December, 1856, from which we subjoin an extract:—

My Lords have to call the attention of the officers of the fleet to these irregularities [mess debts, &c.], in order that they may be avoided in future; and their Lordships desire that the officers of the Ward-Room will adopt such measures as will enable their messes to be maintained with credit and comfort, and free from extravagance, and thus set a becoming example to the junior officers.

In regard to the Gun-Room messes, my Lords have on several occasions had brought to their notice circumstances of extravagance and mismanagement which have been caused by the unnecessarily high subscriptions, and the use of expensive wines and spirits, totally at variance with the custom of the service and the pecuniary means of the officers.

Regulations here follow, limiting gun-room mess expenses to 8*l.* for entrance, and 30*s.* a month, exclusive of wine, which is set at 10*s.*; after which the following injunction is laid down:—

Their Lordships have also been led to believe that, in some of Her Majesty's ships, messmen, under the designation of stewards, are still permitted to carry on the sale of provisions, wine, spirits, &c., to the messes of the officers, as well as to the men, in direct contravention of the Admiralty order of the 30th May, 1851. The attention of the officers of Her Majesty's ships is called to this subject, as nothing can tend so much to irregularity in a mess, as well as to injury in the discipline of a ship, as to permit any person to make a traffic by the sale of provisions, spirits, &c., instead of the messes being properly conducted by their caterers.

Secondly. We have insensibly been led to trespass on the second head which we had selected as showing the differences of position between a youth in a regiment and one on board ship—that, namely, which arises from the isolation of a ship and the distinctness of her personal identity. This tends to draw all who share her discipline very closely into one. Commanders of strongly-marked individuality make to themselves a following. They choose and are chosen, and like takes hold on like. Thus their ships become marked for good or evil, and the tone of moral colouring acquires within the same bulwarks a high degree of uniformity. It would not be difficult to select some dozen or so known as "crack" ships, where expensive tastes are tacitly encouraged, and experiments which may parallel any in the army are made on the parental purse. Yet these are strongly-marked exceptions to the traditions and feelings which generally prevail. These traditions are the result, in the main, of the situation. The ship herself contains all necessities, and their rate is known and nearly uniform; and during the many months that she may often keep the sea, the sea itself is an effectual barrier against the temptations which bear upon the pocket. She must incidentally touch at ports, but such visits are mostly short, and the ports themselves are seldom capital cities, or within easy reach of them. Thus the large mass of temptations to the higher forms of luxurious extravagance seldom fall within the young officer's reach, and, so far as they do so fall, are liable to be modified by the personal influence and authority of the chief officers on board. All this is widely different from the case of a young ensign or lieutenant in the army, where large masses of troops are generally found quartered in or near the greater centres of population, whether at home or in the colonies, and where the isolation of Aldershot is tempered by the facility of less than an hour's railway run to London.

Thirdly. The fact of the system of promotion by purchase, which is all but universal in the army, being in the navy unknown, not only establishes a wide difference in itself between the bodies which respectively use or do without it, and the *esprit de corps* of each, but, further, points to a range of financial habits, and a mode of viewing questions of expenditure, which inclines the balance in the army, as we have had occasion to notice, towards the expensive side of a gentlemanly character. The virtuous man of Aristotle required to be "adequately set up with external conveniences"; and the "officer and gentleman" according to the army standard has a much wider external surface exposed to view than his brother afloat. Thus, the possibility of maintaining in the army a gloss and a finish upon that surface, which salt water is perpetually sully and spoiling, tends constantly to make the money spin in the former case. Hence the "setting-up" is, in the army, a more costly affair. Balls can be given to the ladies of a station or garrison town, whereas the blue-jacket, until the anchor is down, can only whistle to the mermaids. The hunting and shooting season at a large number of dépôts or barrack-stations forms a constant source of temptation to the subalterns, while Jack afloat can only bait for shark with a piece of salt junk, or bring a ship's musket to bear upon a walrus. Thus the "setting up" of the most expensive naval officer, cut off for many months of every year from female society and field sports, to say nothing of rackets, tennis, and billiards, is cheap as compared with that of the thriftiest subaltern in the line. Besides which, Father Neptune, in a wrathful fit, is impartially obnoxious to the dandy officer and the dowdy. The naval officer's kit and "fixings" have always a practical limit in the ultimate fact of a sou'-wester, and in the possible necessity of lending a hand in dirty weather. Thus a mere show-man is out of place on a quarter-deck, but such may often glitter harmlessly, at least as regards the service, on parade or in the mess-room. Thus, promotion by purchase stands for a good deal more than the actual figures of the regulation price. It

implies resources on the strength of which the army is preferred, and which operate not only in buying the subaltern's way upward in his professional course, but in enabling a considerable proportion of army officers to retire early upon a competency, as "expectations" fall in through the deaths of relatives in a comparatively wealthy family connexion. This indirect action of wealth in accelerating promotion is felt only to an inconsiderable extent in the navy.

And Fourthly. There is thus found in the navy a peremptory necessity for regulations providing for the compulsory retirement of officers from active service after a given term of years. Of the numerous officers in the lower grades of lieutenant and commander, a very limited number alone can become post-captains or admirals within even the longest limit of time to which vigour and capability can be supposed to be continued. Yet, on the whole, we are glad to find that the Queen's flag must be a very healthy thing to sail under, for it will be seen, on referring to the current Navy List, that the number of retired lieutenants is over 75 per cent. of that of the same rank in active service, and that of retired commanders over 63 per cent. of the same. These, when past sixty years of age, are allowed honorary rank respectively as commanders and post-captains. Their pensions vary with length of service—in the retired lieutenant's case from 7*s.* to 11*s.* 6*d.* a day, and in the retired commander's from 10*s.* 6*d.* to 16*s.* 6*d.* Now the full pay of a lieutenant on active service, unless he be acting as commander or senior on board, does not exceed 10*s.* a day, and that of a commander actually in charge of a ship and all her company is not over 19*s.* Hence, if we may venture to take the average pension of the retired lieutenant as 8*s.* 9*d.*, and that of the retired commander at 13*s.*, it will be seen that the former class retire on nearly nine-tenths of their full pay, and the latter on nearly two-thirds of the same. And here, again, as regards the prospects of old age, we may challenge the whole range of liberal professions to show so much honour and snugness combined as may be achieved by an officer who becomes lieutenant at twenty-one, and, after perhaps twenty years of active service (the remaining nine years being allowed for unemployed intervals), retires at fifty to enjoy the autumnal bloom, the "Martimmas summer," of life.

And here comes into play the mysterious entity which is everywhere felt but nowhere mentioned—"interest," understood as a motive power, pushing the naval officer on to the pinnacles of his profession. Few men without it become commanders under ten years' standing as lieutenant. Fewer still without it ever rise above that rank. It is obvious that such abnormal influence, by pushing on a favoured few prematurely, in effect retards the rest. It not only passes them by, but, by giving younger men the vacant places over the heads of seniors, it keeps the seniors waiting all the time the younger lives are running out. A dozen admirals' places may be filled up twice or thrice over in thirty years, if men of a certain age are taken; whereas, if men are picked for them half as old, they probably will not be vacated half as fast. Still harder, perhaps, is the lingering period of half-pay between being paid off from one ship and employed in another, during which the unfortunate who has no potent friends to help him is making dead lee-way in his profession, getting older without counting sea-time—a stagnation which a chance step gained on the seniority list can do little to relieve.

To one who has interest the navy is, allowing for the rubs and knocks of active service at its most active time, as good a profession, in the middle portion of his career, as it is at the beginning or the close; and that is very good indeed. A man who has money and no interest may reasonably prefer the army; a man who has neither must do what he can, and in the army he can do nothing. No naval sub-lieutenant in active employment need complain of being compelled to live upon his pay, which in the army a lieutenant cannot do; but the long months or years of half-pay and non-employment are what worry a man and starve the hope out of him. But, again, there appears a great deal of lottery as regards the appointment to particular ships; and the difference between ship and ship, with all that it involves, is vastly greater than the difference between corps and corps in the army. This lottery interest will procure to be adroitly managed. It is the great promoter of inequality in the navy, just as the purchase system tends to redress inequality in the army. Its presence is felt, and allowance made for it, everywhere; but no columns are ever filled up under its name, no index reveals it as a heading, no returns of its agency, and no tabular statements of its effects, are ever called for in Parliament. And if you inquire officially of any person authorized to speak, from "my Lords" downwards, you obtain the same answer, "It is a mistake to suppose that interest at the Admiralty exercises any influence whatever over the naval officer's career"! We make no comment on this oracular statement; we merely "give it for what it may be worth."

#### THE CHRONICLE OF SMALL BEER.

A LITTLE book has been lately written by a lady, professing to teach the art of managing a house upon 200*l.* a year. Such a book may be interesting in more than one point of view. It speaks with confidence, which may or may not be well-founded, upon many details of the mystery of pudding-making. Upon its claims to be regarded as an authority in this branch of culinary art, we would not presume to offer any opinion. Our present object is rather to consider for what class of readers such a book

as this is written. It is not simply a treatise upon cookery or household management, but it is in form a story, which has regular progress and incidents that are intended to be laughable or pathetic. There is an infusion of religious thought into the book which no doubt was excellently intended, but which, to readers who have not become habituated to this style of writing, must appear not a little ludicrous. There is certainly no reason why Divine guidance and help should not be sought in small as well as in great affairs, and it may be allowed that affairs which seem small to some minds are great to others. Nevertheless, although we can tolerate a book which tells us how Dr. Newman received aid from Heaven when perplexed by the question whether the Anglican Church was a branch of the Church Catholic, it is not easy to read with patience another book which describes how a young married lady sought "a higher leading" when the potatoes were half-cooked, the meat soddened, cinders had got into the gravy, and not only was the dinner spoiled, but also the tempers of those who were to eat it. Without presuming to deny that Providence superintends the boiling of potatoes, we venture to suggest that such a doctrine should not be too frequently or strongly dwelt upon. It is, however, only just to the author of the book before us to admit that she connects cookery with what are commonly thought to be higher matters. As regards the other sex, she is clearly of opinion that the heart of a man is situated in his stomach, and that, in order to preserve or regain a husband's love, the best, if not the only, way is to gratify his appetite. Not that she undervalues or dissuades from the practice of what are commonly called accomplishments; for her model wife can, and does, play and sing as well as she makes puddings and keeps an eye upon the grocer's book.

The plan of the story is that a young wife gets into all sorts of trouble, and cannot make both ends meet at all, when there descends upon the scene a gifted woman called Bertha Chapman, who speedily sets everything to rights, having a talent for making a dinner for a family out of almost nothing, and also for causing "the most exquisite melody" to breathe round the room during the evening. As the author has headed one of her chapters, "The Sickness of Bertha's Step-son—How to keep Butter Cool," it is evident that she considers the preparing of a dish to be as important as any act in which a woman can be engaged, and it is not our purpose to dispute this opinion with her; but we must own to a belief that her Bertha Chapman is simply a fabulous monster, and we would add a prayer to heaven that she may never be anything else. A woman who "kindly but firmly" makes her servants understand that they must be down stairs by six o'clock evidently possesses talents for command which must be sadly wasted in such a limited sphere as a single household. We should be disposed, if we could find Bertha Chapman, to promote her on the spot to the supervision of all the English dockyards, feeling certain that her capacity for making herself disagreeable would be highly valuable to the nation, although cruelly burdensome to those who might be condemned to live in the same house with her. The author would have us suppose that that awful personage, a good manager, is not only tolerable to a husband, but actually delightful. This, however, is carrying matters rather too far. There is an old-fashioned cookery-book which treats of "four-score noble and wholesome dishes on which a man may live excellently well for twopence a day," and we do not consider the culinary legerdemain of Bertha Chapman at all more wonderful than what was professed by the author of this ingenious treatise. But it is far beyond our faith in miracles to believe that the husband of this terrible woman "was rapidly falling into idolatry, and his wife was the queen of earth and heaven." The book before us was written by a lady, and for ladies, and the sum of it seems to be, that if a wife improves, as with lapse of years she may hope to do, in cookery and household management, her husband will love her with an intensity of devotion which she could not command in the prime of her youth and beauty. "The magical process" which enabled the heroine of this story "to retain to his dying hour the love of her husband in its freshest form," was like other and less harmless processes of other sorceresses in this, that a pot or kettle and sundry herbs made a great figure in it.

Oh! the heart that has truly loved never forgets,  
But still will love on to the close;

provided that the body which contains that heart is supplied daily with a punctual and well-cooked dinner. The "ever-springing affection" of her husband which this lady boasts that she enjoyed seems to have had its root in some market garden famous for producing winter salad.

It is to be feared that, if any man who is disposed to marry on 200*l.* a year should read this book, he will be fixed by it in a determination to remain single. The author, however, is evidently persuaded that there are men who would like the sort of life which is led by her model couple. The husband seems to take a pleasure in calling his wife "wif," and "little woman." He has "a sunny smile and cheerful light-heartedness," and is altogether what observers of his own sex would term a muff. This perhaps was necessary to the plan of the book, for if the husband, by any exertion of mind or body, had been able to increase his income, the economical talent of the wife would have been less severely exercised. It seems that this lady climbed slowly and painfully to that pre-eminence in housewifely virtue which now qualifies her to instruct one sex how to enthrall the other. She learned the value of punctuality from the example of Lord Nelson, having



read, in a life of that famous admiral, that he owed all his success to being ready a quarter of an hour beforehand for whatever business he had to do. It is highly satisfactory to be thus furnished with a recipe for making great commanders as easily as one might make puddings; and we only hope that the *Life of Nelson* from which this lady quotes, being as we think a scarce book, may be reprinted immediately in a cheap form. We are told, in the preface to the book before us, that each household may need a different ordering, but that "the great principles for ruling, directing, and acting must ever remain fixed." Looking through the book itself for some distinct enunciation of these "great principles," we believe that the following passage contains what we sought:—

All who marry upon 200*l.* per annum must be educated for such a limit, or must educate themselves for it. . . . They must be early risers, methodical managers, have an intimate knowledge of wholesome cookery and useful needlework; must be economical of time, careful of waste pieces, of dripping, of suet, of bones, and of cinders, which are all of the greatest use in household management.

Admitting the importance of the knowledge here insisted on, it would be desirable that some means should be provided of ascertaining that young ladies, otherwise eligible as wives, possess it. If a young man contemplating matrimony thought it indispensable that the companion of his life should possess a knowledge of the history of the Early Church, or of geology, or of the differential calculus, he might probably contrive to put her through an informal examination in subjects in which he might be supposed to be well up himself. But where is the man who is likely to know anything about the management of dripping—even admitting that the author of the book before us has done all that can be done to render that abstruse subject intelligible by the use of ordinary faculties? It might, perhaps, be advantageous to establish a Ladies' University which should grant degrees in the household arts as well as in music, singing, and painting, and thus certify that the possessor of a diploma was capable of maintaining "a bright little home" for herself and husband upon 200*l.* a year. There are already Ladies' Colleges, and, if the managers of them act up to their professions, we shall not be disappointed in the hope of seeing these important subjects of "dripping, suet, bones, and cinders," receiving the consideration which is due to them in the lecture-room. Young ladies are assured, in the book before us, that if they will diligently and zealously learn and practise "every domestic duty and every feminine accomplishment," lovers will eagerly seek them "without fortune or other adventitious circumstances." But we cannot help thinking that it is going rather too far to pretend that housewifely skill is preferable to fortune, or, in other words, that to be able to make the best of 200*l.* a year is better than to have 400*l.* There may be men, although we do not know where to look for them, who enter into this author's feelings when she writes that "the tea was made, the water boiling, the bacon smoking hot, and the child asleep in his cot, making a perfect picture." There may possibly be found male admirers of Bertha Chapman when she informs her pupil that she always calculates half a pound of fish to each person in ordering dinner, or explains that "rhubarb takes all flavours but gives none, and therefore helps to make up a deficiency of more costly material," such as cherries, currants, or raspberries, which, as she adds, are "expensive to buy, and go no way." But we should think that men in general would put aside as much of Bertha Chapman's advice as they had patience to listen to, with the remark that to set up housekeeping upon such principles would be *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*. If, to use the author's phrase, they could not afford to "introduce" wine at dinner, they might be content with beer; but to submit to all this pinching and squeezing, and calculating of farthings—and not only to submit to it, but to like it for its own sake, and to view the saving of sixpence upon a week's bills as a great performance, for which they ought to love and almost worship the wife who had, after the study and practice of years, effected it—we do not believe that even clerks and shopmen can justly be represented as quite so petty and contemptible in mind as that. This author's theory, briefly stated, is that "simple cookery" is the means appointed by nature for woman to win and keep the heart of man. There is another theory, rather widely held by the sex for which this author does not profess to write—namely, that asperity of temper and angularity of form are apt to coexist with special capacity for household management. We do not, however, desire to insist upon this as a theory of universal application, but we would merely suggest a doubt whether more than a very few women are married for proficiency in music or painting, and whether any women at all are married for proficiency in making pastry and keeping accounts. It may in many cases be better for a man to marry on 200*l.* a year than to remain single, but it is idle to pretend that the burden of narrow circumstances is sensibly mitigated by the employment of such shifts and dodges as are revealed by the author of the book before us. Instead of attempting to extol and glorify a very small and mean subject, it would be better to own at once that a man who has to maintain himself and his wife and family in London, with any attempt at a respectable exterior, upon 200*l.* a year, has good reason to feel the force of that saying of an author not commonly read by ladies:—

*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se  
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*

#### NIGHT-SCHOOLS.

AMONG the thousand-and-one agencies now on foot for making the labourer, and inducing him to make himself, a better citizen, night-schools are entitled to a fair share of consideration. The *Times* has recently published a descriptive letter on the subject, detailing the experience of a hop-grower who has for some years past kept a gratuitous night-school as one of the duties incumbent on an employer of labour. The season is now close at hand when these institutions begin work; and a few practical remarks on their use and abuse, and on the right and wrong methods of conducting them, will probably be welcomed by persons who take a real interest in the labouring class.

The night-school proper is an institution generally confined to the agricultural districts, or to the very poorest classes in large towns. Great facilities, both in large towns and small, are now given by Mechanics' Institutes for tacking on to their ordinary operations classes for special instruction, at a rate of payment within the reach of a large majority of mechanics and apprentices. In a small town, by no means remarkable for enlightened activity, we are ourselves acquainted with an institute where, for a very low quarterly payment, shop-boys of thirteen and fourteen can and do get themselves taught something worth knowing, not only of book-keeping and geography, but of drawing, and even of French. The night-school proper does not fly so high as this. Its function is, first, to create a demand for the most elementary instruction, and then to supply the demand gratuitously, or at a merely nominal rate of payment. Mr. Whitehead, the correspondent of the *Times* referred to above, makes no charge for admission, and thinks that he gains by so doing. He discontinued the system of payment on finding "that it was imagined that he was going to make something by schoolkeeping." It does not speak very highly for the progress of his pupils that they should have laboured under the notion that a penny or twopenny weekly would adequately remunerate their master for lighting, firing, and use of a room, with slates, maps, and other school-plants, to say nothing of the time and hard work of instruction. As a general rule, there can be no doubt that the exaction of a payment, however small, is the right system to pursue. One of the surest ways to neutralize the best results of elementary education is to make the bestowing it a matter of alms and bounty. If the men and lads for whose benefit a night-school is set up are not willing to pay at least a weekly penny for their accommodation, the school might as well be shut up. From experience gained in working a large night-school, with 140 pupils on the books and from 70 to 80 in average attendance, we may state as a fact that a penny payment per head yields a sum considerably short of the working expenses. The items of these expenses are lighting, warming, and the whole of the requirements (made use of *within the school*) for instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Books or writing-materials which the learners might wish to take home, for practice out of hours, are regarded as extra. School is supposed to be held on three nights in the week. Twopenny a week would, however, provide an ample fund, if the school consisted of twenty or thirty scholars at least, for all ordinary expenses. It would still hardly be found to leave a margin for prize-giving, or for some sort of *fête* or united excursion at the end of the season. Such objects would have, even supposing a twopenny payment as the system, to be met by voluntary subscription. From these details it may be inferred that to set up a gratuitous night-school is to present the labourer with a rather costly appliance, which he might very well, and would very gladly, contribute towards providing.

There is one item of expenditure which we purposely omitted above, because it is not an absolute necessity; and that is, payment for a regularly engaged master. But, though a paid master is not essential to the existence of a good night-school, it is in general by far the best plan to engage one. A benevolent person, holding the exceptionally favourable position of the hop-master in the *Times*, may achieve wonders by voluntary labour. But it is just as well to have it clearly understood, first, that the voluntary labour of a well-worked night-school is no joke or trifle; and, next, that it is a much sounder benefit to the labourer to put instruction within his reach at a low cost than to teach him for nothing. It doubtless seems, to the young ladies of the rectory or the hall, rather a pastime than otherwise at first to run across the snow on a moonshiny night, and to enter the school-room in the *role* of Minerva coming to teach mankind useful arts. Their views are gradually modified, however, as time passes on and novelty wears off, and it comes to be at length discovered that Jack and Tom have lost their first warmth of veneration, and, in place of admiring the goddess, are seriously bent on mastering the multiplication-table, which on the whole they already know rather better than she does herself. And the charming instructors would learn more wisdom still could they dive (a feat they seldom or never accomplish) into the real thoughts of their deferential vassals, and grasp the fact that, under the lowliest bearing, there is often the keenest power of observation, and that little follies, and conceits, and shortcomings are noted with surprising accuracy by critics in smock-frock. This is the serious rub of night-school work—how, for nothing, or even for twopenny a week, to impart at the far-end of the day something which will prove really useful and valuable. It is not given to every educated man, or woman either, to teach even reading, writing, and arithmetic with patience and with success. A trained master will endure with unruffled feelings an amount of drudgery and a display of stolidity which would break the rest and undermine the constitution of an amateur. He may be

advantageously assisted by a staff of amateurs, but it is true wisdom and economy to make him responsible and to appoint him worker-in-chief. To do so is also the soundest way of serving the interest of the scholars. Men and lads attending a gratuitous school often observe deficiencies which they have too much delicacy and good sense to point out, or to ask to have altered, because the whole concern is a matter of grace and favour, and they are shy of looking a gift-horse in the mouth. If they are paying some small sum weekly, and are served by a master who is known to them to be receiving a moderate return for his trouble, they are naturally more at ease, and feel that nothing but want of will or perseverance need stand between them and a little real work.

Examination is good for all schools, and still better for school-masters; but prize competition in a night-school is a very difficult business to manage. It is hard to do justice to the candidates without indefinitely multiplying prizes, or deciding awards with reference to considerations apart from the actual merit of the work sent in. Two young fellows, for instance, may send in a map each, or specimens of elaborate handwriting. A. may be an objectionable scapegrace who has but lately left school, and still retains a fair share of what he learnt there; B., with undoubted ability and perseverance, may yet have been entirely destitute of early advantages. A's map is slightly the best, B.'s decidedly the most deserving. The prize must of course fall to A.; but unless something is done for B. the prize-giving will seem to have defeated its proper ends. This is a good average instance of the difficulties which present themselves in these exceptional schools. Not that the same sort of difficulty is unknown in other schools, but it is unknown in the same degree, because the comparatively short and intermittent terms of night-school instruction scarcely admit of "long-run" competition. In ordinary schools, as in the school of life, there is always a chance of the deserving candidate biding his time, and beating his clever or lucky antagonist at last.

Unless the amateur head of a night-school possesses decided powers of discipline and command, or can secure the aid of a master who understands order, it is an injury rather than a benefit to set such a school at work. There is something absurd and melancholy in the sight of a couple of forlorn curates pacing about a schoolroom in vacant abstraction or imbecile flurry, while a score or two of lads are freely extracting jokes from their dress, or manner, or personal appearance. An institution so conducted will be sure to dwindle, but it will not be entirely inoperative in its dwindling, for it will produce nearly unqualified harm. To go without "scholarship" altogether is a better thing for the carter, or apprentice, or shop-boy than to learn contempt for those who, to them, represent the educated world. With intelligence, tact, and a resolute determination not to rest satisfied with surface impressions, but to get at the real natures of the learners, nothing need hinder the establishment of perfect discipline and order among large bodies of men and lads. Mention was made above of some kind of *fête* or merry-making at the end of the season. This is generally found to be a useful auxiliary in maintaining discipline. It is useful, not so much by supplying a coveted object the loss of which may be held over the unruly *in terrorem*, as by adding spirit and popularity to the whole school-enterprise, and so diminishing the tendency to disturb and to rebel.

The writer in the *Times* records that he has been successful in affiliating a sort of workmen's club to his night-school. Tea and coffee were at first provided, and more lately a limited supply of beer. The entire management is in the hands of working-men, and all has hitherto run smoothly. This is probably much more serviceable than providing a series of lectures, which are in most cases profoundly useless to the labourer. It requires a fair degree of educated discipline to derive any profit from a lecture at all, and that degree is rarely attained by the kind of persons for whose benefit night-schools are designed. An evening club, on the other hand, is an institution very well calculated to develop and supplement the training undergone in a voluntary school.

In one word, the more the eleemosynary principle can be kept out of a night-school, the better for all those concerned in it. It is no fit plaything for benevolent young people; and we should be sorry to see many such schools set going, no matter with how excellent intentions, as the gratuitous hobbies of employers of labour. They are best when their operation approaches most nearly to the normal working of supply and demand. To learn self-reliance is not necessarily to lose the capacity for gratitude and warm feeling. And none but the very ignorant or the very sentimental will be blinded by the notion that to give up the gratuitous principle is to lose hold upon an attached and grateful clientele.

#### ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT, SMITHFIELD.

THE antiquaries, architects, and ecclesiologists of London have at this moment an opportunity which, in the nature of things, can never happen again. If they choose to go to Smithfield, they may see the majestic choir of a Romanesque minster of almost the first class in the best possible condition for minute examination. The venerable remains of the fine Priory-church of St. Bartholomew the Great, after suffering every imaginable mutilation and defilement for centuries, are about to be rescued from further desecration. As yet, however, the "restorer's" hand has not touched them. Nothing has been done hitherto beyond simple excavation and removal of modern fittings. Pews and galleries,

curtains, wainscots, and glass-screens have been taken away, and the original levels have been reached; but not one ancient feature has yet been interfered with. Now is the time for seeing this noble fragment of Romanesque architecture in an untouched state. Before long it must be again made ready for the use of the parish. We have every reason to believe that this will be a model "restoration," but still those who are interested in architecture should take care to see this church now. London unfortunately possesses no other equally curious relic of mediæval antiquity, and such a sight as may now be enjoyed in West Smithfield will never be seen again.

It is remarkable how few people know even of the existence of this noble church. A mutilated pointed doorway (now buried in shops and houses), supposed to have belonged to the original west front of the nave, may be remembered by some who have visited St. Bartholomew's Hospital, on the other side of the street. And the name of Bartholomew Close still reminds the Londoner of the precincts of the ancient priory. But the church itself has long been so hidden by parasitical buildings that a person may know the neighbourhood pretty well and yet never have seen it. What remains of Rahere's church, founded in 1101, in the reign of Henry I., and finished about 1123, is nothing but the choir, with an aisle or procession-path surrounding its apsidal east end, the crossing (at the original intersection of the transepts), and one bay only—the easternmost one—of the nave. These remains are coeval with the naves of the cathedrals of Durham, Norwich, and Peterborough. The original length of St. Bartholomew's seems to have been about 280 feet, and its breadth 60 feet. These proportions, it may be useful to state, are a little less than those of Rochester Cathedral. At the dissolution of religious houses the nave was pulled down, and the conventual buildings were disposed of to various persons. The choir and transepts were granted in 1544 to the parishioners, for their use as a parish church; and from that time till now—except that about 1625 the original tower was taken down and a new one built of brick in the style or no-style of that period—nothing has been done to the shell beyond the ordinary repairs and beautifications of successive churchwardens. But to what a state of decay and desolation three hundred years of contemptuous neglect may reduce an ancient structure, no one will fully understand who does not see the church in its present transitional condition. In the first place, the internal level has been raised two or three feet, either gradually by intramural interments, or designedly in order to remedy the defects of imperfect draining. Outside, the accumulation of soil is quite amazing. The church, indeed, is now nearly subterranean. It was approached, until the other day, by steep descending staircases at all its entrances; and, in the north aisle, the apices of some blocked arches which formerly opened into a chantry scarcely showed above the level of the external ground. About twelve feet was the average depth, perhaps, to which the church was buried. And, of this accumulation of soil, a very large proportion was composed of decaying human remains. Inside and outside dead bodies had been crowded together without any pretence of decency, until at last the whole was a mass of corruption. Even now, after the greatest care has been taken by the excavators, the place is scarcely fit to be visited. A huge pile of human bones, in every stage of decay, is heaped up in the north aisle, and covered by a tarpaulin. Behind the altar, in the apse, is another charnel-house, the stench from which is most offensive. The worst of it is that the parish authorities do not know how to dispose of these remains. We are informed that all the cemeteries refuse to allow these bones to be re-interred in their grounds, unless they are packed close in separate coffins; and it is calculated that it would cost 300*l.* to effect this. The best suggestion that we have heard for meeting the difficulty is this:—that a large excavation should be made in the principal burial-ground (the former nave of the church), the subjacent soil, which is excellent gravel, removed, and the bones lowered into the deep pit so formed. It is painful to think how many worshippers in this church must have suffered fatally from the putrescence that surrounded them. It need not be said that the whole interior was fearfully damp and cold. Even paint and whitewash could not disguise the universal decay that was in progress. Dry rot and mildew reigned supreme. When the modern pews, &c., were removed the other day, it was found that the stem of the pulpit—which was of the wine-glass shape—was reduced to touchwood. The whole affair rested in reality on a weak iron tie which was supported on nothing stronger than the side of a pew; and it is a mercy that some preacher, more energetic or more corpulent than usual, did not bring the pulpit down with a crash. So reckless had been the treatment of the interior that, when the pews were removed, it was found that one or two of the massive columns had been hacked and pared (for the sake perhaps of gaining an extra seat), until nothing but the rubble core remained. Every sort of encroachment has been permitted. All along the north side, frail houses have been built with timber structures abutting on the ruinous wall of the narrow space (only a few feet broad) surrounding the church. The whole triforium of the north aisle has been cut off from the church and turned into a parochial school, and a master's house somehow made out of it at the east end. A still worse fate has befallen the apse. It would seem that the original Romanesque apse was cut away, at its extreme east end, before the Reformation; probably for the insertion of one of those huge Third-pointed altar-screens, of which Winchester, St. Alban's, and St. Mary Overy's in Southwark, are the best examples. But no such reredos,



unhappily, remains. There is a mere modern straight wall of no historical or architectural value; and the rebuilding of the Romanesque arches will be a very easy task, as the original curve, and basement, and mouldings remain. But the part of the triforium immediately over the apse has been, most unaccountably, alienated from the church. A fringe-maker's house and factory, occupying the site of the old Lady Chapel, or Prior's lodgings (it is doubtful which), has encroached here into the very body of the building, the ambulatory extending beneath it. And—what, in these days, is somewhat surprising—the occupants do not seem disposed to give up, either for or without a consideration, their rights of possession. Until they do so, the restoration of the triforium as a whole will be impossible. But we have no doubt that these gentlemen will soon permit the parish to re-acquire the right to use its own church. The south triforium has disappeared altogether. A vestry has been built over the south transept; and the north transept is converted bodily into a dwelling-house. Certainly, a more hopeless task seldom awaited a church-restorer.

After long delays and hindrances of all sorts, an influential committee has been formed to carry out the necessary works, and a considerable, but altogether inadequate, sum has been raised. We believe, as we said, that the works are in good hands. Mr. Hayter Lewis and Mr. Slater are the architects employed; and several well-known names, entitled to all confidence, appear on the list of the committee. Their first contract has been confined to clearing the interior, and removing the heaped-up soil from the outer walls. This has been very successfully done. The exterior now stands free, with an open trench all round it; and a deep drain has been constructed which will keep the area fairly dry for the future. Inside, the discoveries have been sufficiently interesting. The bases of the columns have been found almost perfect, and in several places an original pavement of tiles has been brought to light *in situ*. Large numbers of encaustic tiles, and innumerable fragments of carved work, often bearing traces of colour and gilding, have been discovered; all of which have been most carefully preserved by the clerk of the works. One discovery puzzled the explorers for a long time. A whole deposit of small earthenware sticks was found in one place—all of them exactly alike, about five inches long, and in shape something like a thin baluster. The authorities of the British Museum pronounced at once that they were wig-curlers! It would seem as though some defunct hairdresser of Queen Anne's times had chosen to be buried in his wig, with the curling-pin in each curl. Architecturally, the proportions of the choir and its surrounding ambulatory, now that they are fully seen, are very noble; and, in particular, the perspective of the vaulted south aisle, which is now opened in uninterrupted length, is almost unrivalled. Ritually, it is now seen that the ancient stalls extended across the transept; and that the rood-loft occupied the eastern bay of the nave. A wall, which is clearly ancient, extended across the north transept arch, entirely blocking it. On the south side there appears to be the foundation of a similar wall, which, however, could only have formed a low backing to the stalls. Some indications of the basement of the rood-screen were also brought to light.

Many difficult questions await the decision of the Committee in the further progress of the works. The completion of the apse would seem to be the first step in point of importance, after the general reparation of the fabric. It may be some time before the northern triforium can be rescued from its present destination; but we should counsel the immediate restitution of the southern one. Unless this is done soon, we are told that a row of recently built mean tenements, very closely adjoining the south aisle, will acquire rights of air and light as against the church. In addition to this it may be urged that the reopening of the triforial arcade would be of great importance to the architectural effect of the interior. Many years will pass, it may be, before the whole choir can be thoroughly reinstated. It is to be hoped that nothing will be done now that after generations will regret. The treatment of the clerestory, which is of fifteenth-century date, but finely proportioned, and of the roof, which is modern, will be no easy matter. It is probable that minute examination of the fabric will throw some light on these difficult problems. There are some monuments of great interest in the church. That of Prior Rahere, the King's Minstrel, the founder of the priory and of the adjacent hospital, standing on the north of the altar, is of good Perpendicular date, and cannot be moved. Opposite to it is a Jacobean tomb of Sir Walter Mildmay, founder of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and Chancellor of the Exchequer to Queen Elizabeth. It interferes grievously with the arcade, and might advantageously be moved to the blank wall under the north transept arch. We hear with pleasure that all the other monuments will be carefully preserved. It is very gratifying to see an historical monument so well cared for as St. Bartholomew's the Great promises to be in its present—conservation, we will say, rather than—restoration. We counsel a visit to the building in its present most interesting state; and, as funds are greatly wanted, we hope that visitors will not forget the claims which the work has upon all who know the value of these precious relics of the past. This church is scarcely less interesting to Londoners than St. Germain des Prés is to the people of Paris. It will be discreditable if St. Bartholomew's the Great is not at least as well restored as that famous church.

## REVIEWS.

## CLARENDON'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION.\*

THOUGH Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion* is not only a well-established classic, but is also one of the leading authorities upon the most interesting and best-known period of our history, it is probable that the number of well-educated men who can honestly say that they have read it through is not very large. It is the fate of standard books to pass by slow degrees out of circulation. They furnish materials for writers whose works in their turn undergo the same fate; and thus, after a time, they influence readers for the time being through four or five different removes. Hume had hardly any other authority for the reign of Charles than Clarendon. Hallam's *Constitutional History* put Hume's theories of the Stuart times out of sight. Lord Macaulay's review of Hallam is better known to many persons in the present day than Hallam himself; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Forster's curious and learned investigations into the reign of Charles I. have given to a still newer generation of readers more accurate notions on the subject than they could well have derived from any earlier source. This is not to be regretted. If knowledge is to be kept within any sort of compass, original authorities must be gradually sifted, and laid on one side after their main results have been extracted. Still it is interesting from time to time to recur to them, even for other purposes than those of special study of the matters to which they refer. We have, no doubt, the means of understanding the history of the reign of Charles I. far better than Clarendon understood it; but the history of great events by a great man rather gains than loses in interest by the acquisition of a point of view, and of a set of thoughts, different from and wider than those under which he wrote.

The first thing that strikes a modern reader of Clarendon is the utter absence from every part of his book of anything approaching to what, in the present day, would be considered a philosophical or general view of his subject. The civil war appears to him, in the full sense of the words, an impious, wicked, unnatural rebellion. From first to last he views it with as much astonishment as horror. He cannot, or will not, understand how or why it could have happened. All his careful study of individual character, all his keen insight into the outrageous folly, wickedness, and selfishness of a great number of the King's adherents, do not appear to enable him to sympathize in the very least degree with the Parliamentary leaders. Charles himself could hardly have taken a more simple and decisive view of the perfect justice of his own cause, and the perfect wickedness of that of his opponents, than was taken for him by his zealous Chancellor of the Exchequer.

This is a singular contrast to the style of the present day. Any book with the faintest pretensions to rise above the rank of a collection of dates would contain some view as to the general causes of the civil wars—some account of the principles represented by the two contending parties, and of the degree in which those principles rose out of, or were suggested by, the ancient institutions of the country. Indeed, we should be apt to regard it as a merit if the author observed any moderation in such reflections. Their total absence, and the absence of any notion of the very possibility of making them, produces as disagreeable an effect in Clarendon as an affected profusion of them often produces in our own times. It has, for one thing, the disadvantage of making the story unintelligible. Why, the reader asks again and again, did a quiet, orderly, loyal people rush into civil war? The only explanation suggested by Clarendon is that they waxed fat and kicked, that, being puffed up by peace and prosperity, they took to cutting each other's throats—a simply childish notion. The explanation that their liberties both were, and were felt to be, in real danger, and that the circumstances of the time rendered this almost unavoidable, never strikes Clarendon even when he is on the brink of it. For instance, after describing, probably with truth, the years between 1630 and 1640 as times of great plenty and riches, he actually adds:—

All these blessings could but enable not compel us to be happy. . . . The country full of pride mutiny and discontent; every man more troubled and perplexed at that they called the violation of one law [such a violation, for instance, as the forced loans, ship-money, or arbitrary imprisonment for things said in Parliament] than delighted or pleased with the observation of all the rest of the charter; never imputing the increase of their receipts revenue and plenty to the wisdom virtue and merit of the Crown, but objecting every small imposition to the exorbitancy and tyranny of the Government.

The fact that, for one reason or another, the Royal power on the one hand, and the popular appreciation of liberty on the other, had been increasing for ages, and that their collision was altogether inevitable sooner or later, never seems to have occurred to Clarendon, though the whole nation felt it, no doubt, more or less obscurely.

This want of speculative power, however, applies only to general views of history and morals. There is in Clarendon's history a good deal of philosophy of a certain kind; that is to say, the book contains isolated reflections upon particular circumstances which show that it was not from want of ability that its author did not take general views of what we should now call the philosophy of history, but because that philosophy or science was not then invented. Many of our readers will, no doubt, remember

\* *The History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England.* By Edward, Earl of Clarendon.

with very mixed feelings the famous but dreadfully difficult chapters (iii. 82-3-4) which contain the reflections of Thucydides on the massacre at Corcyra. In the 7th book of Clarendon's History there is a passage, suggested by the quarrels in the Privy Council at Oxford, which in some ways so much resembles them that it is by no means unlikely that it is a conscious imitation. It is an essay of four or five pages on the nature of Councils, and on the sort of character and conduct which fits men to succeed in them. It is most characteristic of the man and of his mind. It is throughout a refutation of depreciatory commonplace, and a vindication of truths which, though they may look commonplace, are constantly forgotten and disregarded. Debates in council, he says, are by no means merely formal, nor are they, as rash observers are apt to consider, useless. Men are often "in this particular argument unskilful, in that affected, who may seem to have levity or formality or vanity in ordinary conversation, and yet in formal counsels deliberations and transactions are men of great insight and wisdom." The objections to them are founded on ignorance of their practical working, and of the way in which affairs are of necessity conducted; and the way to succeed in them is to attain a certain even temper of mind, hard to be learnt, but absolutely essential:—

There is not a more troublesome passion, or that often draws more inconveniences with it, than that which proceeds from the indignation of being unjustly calumniated and from the pride of an upright conscience; when men cannot endure to be spoken ill of if they have not deserved it.

This summary of the temper of mind necessary for public life, and the way of conducting public affairs, is very like the speculation of Thucydides (referred to above) on the temper of mind produced by, and successful in, revolutions. The tone and reach of the two speculations is similar, though their comparative importance differs.

The descriptions of character on which the fame of Clarendon as a writer principally depends are much upon the same intellectual level as this speculation. Each of them shows how closely and with what searching curiosity he examined and revolved in his mind any fact which interested him. Every one, his dearest friend, his bitterest enemy, the objects of his deepest contempt and of his highest admiration, are all passed through the same crucible. He looks into them with all the curiosity of a modern novelist, and gives in a few phrases a summary which in the present day would, by the invention of characteristic illustrative instances, be made to fill the constitutional three volumes of a novel. The best, to our taste at least, are the characters of the men with whom he lived, and who were upon the same sort of level with himself. There is, for instance, an admirable character of Lord Cottington, who was his fellow-ambassador from Charles II. to the Court of Spain in 1650. He was a very old man, who passed the greater part of his life in diplomacy, and changed his religion three or four times. This is Clarendon's summary of his gifts:—

He was of excellent humour and very easy to live with, and under a grave countenance covered the most of mirth and caused more than any man of the most pleasant disposition. He never used anybody ill but used many very well for whom he had no regard; his greatest fault was that he could dissemble and make men believe that he loved them well when he cared not for them. He had not very tender affections, nor bowels apt to yearn at all objects which deserved compassion; he was heartily weary of the world, and no man more willing to die; which is an argument that he had peace of conscience. He left behind him a greater esteem of his parts than love to his person.

It would be hardly possible in so few words to give a livelier picture of an upright, amiable, rather cold-hearted man of the world with a great sense of humour. In the original, which is too long to extract, these generalities are borne out by a well-selected and well-told set of anecdotes and particulars which make the man live again before those who read them. Clarendon was not so happy in describing his antagonists. He could not understand a Puritan at all. His character of Cromwell, for instance, represents, not a man, but a monster made up of contradictions. He describes him with great honesty, and was obviously struck deeply by his wonderful genius and force of character; but there is not a touch of sympathy in the whole description. He supposes, apparently, that, from the very first, Cromwell meant to be a usurper, and acted accordingly. That a man could really believe in such principles as he held, that he could honestly act upon them, that his strength was derived from the fact that he clearly understood what he wanted and steadily pursued it, and that what he did want was by no means entirely bad, or even bad in the main—all this is utterly incredible to Clarendon. He arrives at the result that Cromwell was a living contradiction:—"In a word as he had all the wickednesses against which damnation is denounced and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some virtues which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated, and he will be looked upon by posterity as a brave bad man." Perhaps a still better instance of Clarendon's inability to enter into the feelings of a Puritan is to be found in a much less conspicuous case, which shows that to him it was a horrible mystery that the Puritans should be anything else but a crew of unnatural villains. In 1651 a Presbyterian, named Love, was executed for treason against Cromwell. He died like a martyr. Clarendon observes upon this:—

It is a wonderful thing what operation this Presbyterian spirit had upon the minds of those who were possessed by it. This poor man Love who had been guilty of so much treason against the King from the beginning of the rebellion as the pulpits could contain, was so much without remorse for any wickedness of that kind he had committed that he was jealous of nothing so much as of being suspected to repent.

He then describes the "marvellous undauntedness" of his language, and the "inward joy" which his behaviour showed, and, after giving some of his dying words, concludes thus:—

And in this saving fit without so much as praying for the King otherwise than that he might propagate the covenant he laid his head upon the block with as much courage as the bravest and honestest man could do on the most pious occasion.

The very essence of Clarendon's mind, and of the spirit of the age in which he lived, is in these words. The great lesson which the book, fairly read, would appear to teach is that the whole war was a lamentable, but, as far as we can see, an inevitable mistake, the result of ignorance and narrowness of mind on each side, though no doubt Charles himself was more deeply to blame for it than any other person. Clarendon contrives to obscure the incidents connected with its outbreak, and, as Mr. Hallam truly observed, he (if he were the author of Charles's State papers) got much the best of the written controversy with the Parliament; but the true nature of the case is plain beyond all dispute. After his conduct in the early part of his reign, and after the attempt to arrest the five members (which we agree with Mr. Forster in considering as an abortive *coup d'état*), it was impossible to trust the King without security, and that security he never would give. In a word, it was necessary to depose him, at least for a time. The Parliament wished to do this gently, and without disturbing the forms of the Constitution; and those forms, of course, implied that the King was still to be King. This gave Clarendon an immense controversial advantage, for it was easy for him to show that their proposals amounted virtually to deposition, though they abounded in expressions of humility and duty; and this gave occasion for an inexhaustible supply of charges of hypocrisy and falsehood—charges which were well-founded only on the supposition that there are to be no such things as constitutional fictions, and that a King of England ought to consider every phrase which the law uses about his office as investing him individually with the full amount of the power which the literal sense of the words professes to convey.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that some at least of the views of Charles and his principal advisers were what we should in the present day describe as far more liberal than those of their opponents. Perhaps the most remarkable passage in Clarendon's works is a part of his *Life* in which he describes the society in which he used to pass his leisure during his youth in London. His account of the friends who used to meet at Lord Falkland's house near Oxford is charming, and there can be no doubt that some of them—Falkland, Hales, and Chillingworth, for instance—were at once the most learned and the most liberal-minded men in England. Of these, Falkland and Chillingworth lost their lives in serving the King, and Hales received preferment from Laud. There can be little room for doubt that Charles I., Clarendon himself, and Lord Falkland were really and deeply attached to the Church of England, and as really and deeply opposed to the Church of Rome; and there is as little question that they, or at least that Charles and Clarendon, were opposed on every ground to the cruel laws then in force against the Roman Catholics, which it was one object of the Parliament to have strictly executed. It is also matter of fact that by far the most liberal theological book of that age (Chillingworth's *Religion of Protestants*) expressed the tone of opinion and sentiment prevalent amongst Clarendon's friends. It was dedicated to Charles, and was greatly admired by Laud. There are few more curious problems in English history than that which these facts suggest. Why was it that religious liberalism in the seventeenth century was allied with political Toryism, whilst the most bigoted and narrow views of religion were held by the founders of our political liberties? We cannot at present enter upon this inquiry; but, in order to understand Clarendon, it is necessary to be aware of its existence, and to know that, though the highest of high Tories, he was anything but a bigot. One or two of the sentences in which he refers to John Hales (who earned the epithet of the Ever Memorable) are very characteristic upon this point. He describes with manifest sympathy some of his opinions, then viewed as dangerous novelties:—

He therefore exceedingly detested the tyranny of the Church of Rome more for their imposing uncharitably upon the consciences of other men, than for the errors in their own opinions; and would often say that he would renounce the religion of the Church of England to-morrow if it obliged him to believe that any other Christians should be damned; and that nobody would conclude another man to be damned who did not wish him so.

This foundation of high-mindedness and liberality went admirably with the devotion of Clarendon to his sovereign, and with that passionate belief in him which blinded perhaps the keenest critic of character in all England to the most patent, as it was the most fatal, of all Charles's defects. Clarendon actually begins his character with these words:—"He was if ever any the most worthy of the title of an honest man," and this he says though not many pages before he had given a full account of the secret treaty between Charles and the Presbyterian Commissioners from Scotland, which, says Clarendon himself, the King signed on the representation "that the treaty was only made to enable them to engage the Kingdom of Scotland to raise an army, . . . but when that army should be entered into England . . . there would be nobody to exact all those particulars." In other words, he agreed to it only because he believed it to be a gross fraud. Such blindness in our own days is scarcely conceivable, but we cannot estimate the power of personal loyalty as it then was. A King of England was to Clarendon both a temporal sovereign



and a pope; and nothing more clearly shows the danger of this blind personal devotion to a single man, than the fact that so wise and great a man as Clarendon was should have been converted by it into an instrument of tyranny and an enemy to the best interests of his country.

The general temper of Clarendon's mind, when he wrote his History, is discernible enough. The foundation of the whole, as we have said, was a stately, highminded conception of things human and divine; but this conception was twisted, by his distaste for the narrowness and other faults of the Puritan party, in such a manner, as to lead the man who held it to a blind admiration for a party, not really more exalted than the one which he hated, and by no means so useful. Falkland, Chillingworth, and others, no doubt, had a stately and noble view of an English king, but the stately view of the subject was by no means the only one. Every page of the History of the Civil War and of Charles's exile is filled with instances of meanness, brutality, cruelty, and debauchery amongst the King's adherents, which fully justify the bad opinion held by the Puritans of the Court and its party. The history of the war in the West of England, where Lord Goring and Sir Richard Grenville were the King's principal officers, records as much brutality and cruelty as we read of in the present day in the accounts of Sheridan's proceedings in the Shenandoah Valley. Speaking of the Prince of Wales's own quarters, Clarendon says, "The troops were without any discipline, and the country as much exposed to rapine and violence as it could suffer under an enemy." Charles "drew out his garrison from Cambden House which had brought no other benefit to the public than the enriching the licentious governor thereof; who exercised an illimited tyranny over the whole country, and took his leave of it, in wantonly burning the noble structure where he had too long inhabited and which not many years before had cost above 30,000*l.* the building." When Leicester was taken, "the conquerors pursued their advantage with the usual license of rapine and plunder, and miserably sacked the whole town without any distinction of persons or places; churches and hospitals as well as other places were made a prey to the enraged and greedy soldier." Sir Richard Grenville hanged as a spy an attorney who had been engaged against him in law proceedings, and his general course of proceeding is thus described. He used to summon men to attend him; if they failed to come, he sent to arrest them. "If the persons were taken they were very well content to remit their stock to redeem their persons; for the better disposing them whereto he would now and then hang a constable, or some other poor fellow," &c. By these means this thief and robber "had a greater stock of cattle of all sorts upon his grounds than any person whatsoever in the West of England." The book is full of misfortunes occasioned by the habitual drunkenness of the King's officers. Lord Wilnot "drank hard and had a great power over all who did so, what was a great people." When Lord Essex's army was surrounded in Cornwall, near Fowey, his cavalry escaped because Goring was drunk and disorderly ("the notice and orders came to Goring when he was in one of his jovial exercises") when he ought to have been on duty. Nothing can exceed the scene of petty dirty intrigue which was constantly going on at the Court, and the impression left by the whole story is that, though Clarendon and a very few others were of a noble and magnificent character, the general hatred against Charles and his government was by no means ill-founded.

The natural result of this state of things upon a high-minded, enthusiastic, decorous man, whose temper was naturally hot and keen, was to turn him to grave but fierce humour, and his book is full of illustrations of this. Its style is too well known to call for description. Every one who has ever looked into it knows the endless sentences, the involutions, the strange constructions which make it wearisome to modern readers. The qualities to which it owes its reputation are not so apparent, but they may be traced by an attentive reader who will take the trouble to discard the historical tenses and to modernize the stops. The following passage is a fair specimen of the defects and the energy of Clarendon's way of writing. It is part of a manifesto on the commission to the Earl of Essex against the King:—

It was not possible that a commission could be granted to the Earl of Essex to raise an army against us, and for the safety of our person, and preservation of the peace of the kingdom, to pursue kill and slay us and all who wish well to us, but that in a short time inferior commanders by the same authority would require our good subjects for the maintenance of the property of the subject to supply them with such sums of money as they think fit upon the penalty of being plundered with all extremity of war and by such rules of arbitrary power as are inconsistent with the least pretence or shadow of that property it would seem to defend.

A few verbal alterations will convert this clumsy sentence into the style of the most cutting leading article or review. For instance:—"You issue a commission to the Earl of Essex to raise an army against us, and for the safety of our person and the preservation of the peace of the kingdom to pursue, kill, and slay us, and all who wish well to us. Inferior commanders will soon learn the same lesson. They will require our subjects, for the maintenance of the property of the subject, to supply them with such sums of money as they please, and those who refuse will be plundered with all extremity of war. You thus erect, for your protection, an arbitrary power which in its very nature is inconsistent with the existence of the rights which you say you mean it to protect." The following is, as it stands, as powerful as it can be:—

By this rule if a member of either house commit a murder you must by no means meddle with him till you have acquainted that house of which he

is a member, and received their direction for your proceeding, assuring yourself he will not stir from that place where you left him till you return with their consent; should it be otherwise it would be in the power of every man under the pretence of murder to take one after another and as many as he pleaseth and so consequently bring a parliament to what he pleaseth when he pleaseth. If a member of either house shall take a purse at York (he may as probably take a purse from a subject as arms against the King) you must ride to London to know what to do, and he may ride with you and take a new purse at every stage, and must not be apprehended, or declared a felon till you have asked that house of which he is a member; should it be otherwise it might be in every man's power to accuse as many members as he would of taking purses, and so bring a parliament and so all parliaments to nothing. Would these men be believed?

A very little attention to the rules of composition now generally understood will show that Clarendon might, with hardly an effort, have made his book as brilliant as it is impressive, nor need it have lost any of its weight in the process. Indeed, its weight arises from the gravity of the author's thoughts, and by no means from the cumbrousness of his style. It is full of humour. Numerous instances might be given, but we must content ourselves with a few. Cromwell's "physicians began to think him in danger, though the preachers who prayed always about him and told God Almighty what great things he had done for him and how much more need he still had of his service declared as from God that he should recover." Strafford's great fault was pride, which was punished "in that he fell by the two things he most despised, the people and Sir Harry Vane." Montrose refuses to be prayed for by the Presbyterian ministers because he knows how they would have prayed, thus:—"Lord vouchsafe yet to touch the obdurate heart of this proud incorrigible sinner this wicked perjured traitorous and profane person who refuses to hearken to the voice of thy Kirk' and the like charitable expressions." Lord Berkshire's "affection for the Crown was good; his interest and reputation less than anything but his understanding." Lord Salisbury "was a man of no words except in hunting and hawking, in which only he knew how to behave himself. In matters of state and council he always concurred in what was proposed for the King and cancelled and repaired all those transgressions by concurring in all that was proposed against him as soon as any such propositions were made."

Undoubtedly the most remarkable of Clarendon's gifts was his occasional eloquence. With one specimen of this we must conclude. It may be doubted whether the language contains a nobler passage of the kind. The very negligence of the composition heightens its dreary pathos. The desolation of the Church, the smallness and sadness of the company, the "fellow from the town" who alone happened to know where lay "King Harry VIII. and Queen Jane Seymour," the Governor locking up the place, "which was seldom put to any use," when all was over, are marvellous accompaniments to the funeral of an English king who had died the death of a traitor. The superiority of this passage over Mr. Wolfe's poem on Sir John Moore's funeral shows how impossible it is for the finest imagination and the most elaborate choice of words to equal the concentrated emotion which colours the language of a man who is writing of that which touches the very core of his heart:—

Then they went into the church, to make choice of a place for burial. But when they entered into it, which they had been so well acquainted with they found it so altered and transformed, all tombs, inscriptions, and those landmarks pulled down, by which all men knew every particular place in that church, and such a dismal mutation over the whole, that they knew not where they were; nor was there one old officer that had belonged to it, or knew where our princes had used to be interred. At last there was a fellow of the town who undertook to tell them the place, where, he said, "there was a vault in which King Harry the Eighth and Queen Jane Seymour were interred." As near that place as could conveniently be, they caused the grave to be made. There the King's body was laid without any words, or other ceremonies than the tears and sighs of the few beholders. Upon the coffin was a plate of silver fixed with these words only—*King Charles. 1643.* When the coffin was put in the black velvet pall that had covered it was thrown over it, and then the earth thrown in; which the Governor stayed to see perfectly done, and then took the keys of the church, which was seldom put to any use.

#### MISS COBBE'S ITALICS.\*

WHAT will not a strong-minded female do and dare for the propagation of her favourite nostrums for the "rehabilitation of woman"? Here we have Miss Frances Power Cobbe professing to write a book about Italian affairs, but really inveigling us into reading a series of homilies on the wrongs of her injured sex. Her title-page, indeed, ought to have led us to expect a sufficiency of eccentricities. A lady who entertains such revolutionary ideas with respect to her mother-tongue as to use the word "Italics" to describe a book about Italy, cannot be supposed to abound in very scrupulous feelings towards her readers. The headings of her chapters, too, are in that sensational-comic style which might have taught us seriously to doubt what was to follow. "Italy mends her ways" (meaning her roads), "Italy goes to drill," "Italy reads her newspapers"—this is so thoroughly in the style of *Punch*, when the November fogs have driven him to his wit's end for a joke, that we ought to have been prepared for the worst. As it is, we are bound to say that *Italics* is a very tedious piece of book-making, and reads very much like a re-issue of the letters of the Special Correspondent of a penny newspaper, with the addition of such statistics as might suit the tastes of a gathering of the votaries of social science. At the same time we

\* *Italics. Brief Notes on Politics, People, and Places in Italy, in 1864.* By Frances Power Cobbe. Traubner & Co.

know of no penny or other newspaper that precisely represents the views of Miss Cobbe. She is as fiercely Protestant as the *Morning Advertiser* and the *Record*; but then she is very nearly as wroth with the parsons as with the priests, and holds orthodoxy in general in supreme contempt. Archbishops and Bishops, High Church and Low Church alike, are agreed in stigmatizing free thought as "irreverent"; but will all Miss Cobbe's hard words about Popery and its mummeries reconcile them to such free thinking and free speaking as the following? In describing the books on morals now used in the normal schools of Italy, she says:—

We find the science analysed, beginning from definition and division of ethics to the apparition of those long-departed virgins whom we have not heard of except on allegorical tombstones for several generations—the Cardinal Virtues, Prudence, Justice, Temperance, and Fortitude. On reading of these poor neglected ladies, introduced as still alive and influential, the mind naturally reverts to those other four characters, likewise too long forgotten, the Four Elements, from which one of the Fathers demonstrated that there only were, and only could be, four Gospels.

We have heard a good deal lately about what constitutes the essence of Christianity, but Miss Cobbe has something quite new to offer us. She calls it "a great transition in human nature," which transition "we are accustomed somewhat vaguely to define as the Christian movement," and she holds that it has been nearly eighteen centuries at work, and has only just begun to teach us "that sense of the brotherhood of man to which it is due." The difference between ancient and modern civilization she ascribes to causes which she thus lucidly describes:—"The printing-press as a material agent, a totally new conception of human brotherhood and human solidarity as a spiritual one, have between them changed the whole form of our edifice." The fact is, Miss Cobbe has a cloudy mind. With all her zeal for woman's rights, she is a conspicuous example of what are popularly considered the characteristic defects of ordinary women—being as impulsive, as vehement, as prone to substitute personal merits and demerits for broad principles, and as little disposed to clear her mind of cant, as the most weak-minded of that unfortunate sex which she tells us has been the special victim of priestcraft, parsoncraft, and mancraft in all ages of the world. Here is her view of the present position which women occupy in the world—a position which she looks upon as the natural result of the degradation of their intellect by their male tyrants:—

In all Protestant countries in a moderate degree—in all Catholic countries in an exorbitant degree—women are at this moment the upholders of whatever is most opposed to the progress and enlightenment of humanity. Everywhere superstition, uprooted from men's minds, clings tightly round the souls of women, and spreads its poisonous influence from that sure ground. Everywhere the most designing and ambitious of the clergy find in women their best tools for promoting their schemes of political or spiritual despotism. These pleasant notions are expounded at length in a chapter on the "Nemesis of Woman," which may be taken both as a magnificent exposition of Miss Cobbe's principles, and as a specimen of her gifts in the art of book manufacture. In a similar strain we have a long disquisition on liberty, equality, and the feudal system, in the course of which we learn that it is the custom of English land and house proprietors to refuse to let their farms and shops to women, because they cannot exercise the electoral franchise. And thus, on every conceivable occasion, away starts Miss Cobbe from her *Italics*, and bestows on us page after page of her views on all things in general. Scarcely is she fairly launched, when she gives us some half-dozen pages on the management, not of Italian, but of French railways. Then we are treated to Miss Cobbe's reminiscences of an old inn and her dream thereat, shortly followed by a disquisition on the fashion of collecting old postage stamps. Professing to describe Italian manufactures, she exhausts above a dozen pages in the explanation of her theories on universal art, with remarks on English town and country houses. All is grist that comes to her mill. Thus, a few well diluted facts about Father Passaglia suffice to fill a whole chapter; and that well-worked and not very interesting topic, the Immaculate Conception, fills another. *Apròpos* of the worship of the Virgin, she tells one of her few amusing stories; it is, however, a Spanish, and not an Italian story:—"In the palace of the Duke of Medina Cæli there is a picture of the Virgin in brocaded silk, exchanging compliments with the founder of the family. He motions to her to take precedence; but she draws back, and says, 'Advance, sir! You are the Head of my House.'" Whether the picture in question exists or not we cannot say, but we can ourselves vouch for the existence of a painting, in a gallery near Bologna, equally quaint and suggestive. It is a representation of the creation of the world as effected by the Second Person of the Trinity, while from the window of a house in the corner of the picture the Virgin Mary appears looking out, and holding in her hand a breviary from which she is reciting the *Officium Beatae Mariae Virginis*.

One of Miss Cobbe's most thoroughly disagreeable chapters is that upon "Peaceful Pisa," which she tells us is the Bath of Italy, or rather what Bath was before it "put on a new wig"—an enigmatical phrase which we confess ourselves unable to fathom. Her experience of Pisa as a whole leads her to the following reflections, which may serve as a specimen of the vulgarity and flippancy that occasionally vary her heavy arguments. Speaking of the inhabitants of these quiet towns, she says:—

When they die, the hearse does not go much slower than they habitually drove or rode alive, and the cemetery is only one degree more silent than their streets. Let us hope that "Requiescat in pace," or "Mors æterna quies," are not ineffectually inscribed on their tombstones. A lady we have

heard of once rebuked her too socially disposed daughters for hoping that Heaven would be a state of vivid existence. "Unless," said the poor old chaperon (doubtless with many recollections of "gay" evenings before her mind), "unless Heaven be DULL, it will be no Heaven to me!" The inhabitants of sleepy old cities will doubtless echo the aspiration, and, we hope, find all that they may desire.

As a pendant illustration of her notions of good taste, let us hear Miss Cobbe on the effect of works of art in a handsomely-furnished London house:—"A really fine picture or statue in such a house, instead of seeming in a fitting shrine of splendour, seems quite unaccountably out of place, and, if seen unexpectedly, is capable almost of giving one a 'turn,' like a 'grace' at a Greenwich dinner."

The least dull chapter in the book is the seventeenth, headed "People one meets in Italy." It need hardly be premised that Miss Cobbe had no means of studying the private life of Italians. Their proverbial indisposition to admit strangers to any degree of family intimacy was not relaxed in her case. She is honest enough to confess this, and adds that to the best English society in Italy she was equally a stranger. However, the exigencies of book-making must be attended to, and, by way of enlightening us as to the "people one meets in Italy," she devotes about the seventh part of her thick volume to an old decayed French Royalist, to Mr. Adolphus Trollope, to Mr. Robert Browning and his wife, to Powers, Gibson, Story, and Miss Hosmer, the sculptors, to Mrs. Beecher Stowe and Mr. R. W. Mackay, to Mrs. Somerville and Dr. Manning. To these she adds the Marquis D'Azeleglio and a few others unknown to fame, and discourses on them all in that tone of elaborate rapture and vehement strong-mindedness which is the special characteristic of her book. This same chapter affords us specimens of her jokes. "Perhaps," she says, "the difference between Protestants and Catholics in Rome might be described as that between Murrayators and Mariolators." This is not very witty, but the following is better:—

Once I remember going with a party of friends into the beautiful church of Sta. Maria del Popolo, at Rome, just as some service had concluded, and finding the large semicircle before the canons' chairs in a state not to be described—the magnificent inlaid marbles of the floor having been visibly subjected to a similar process for a period reaching back into a very remote antiquity. "Imagine," said one of the party, "those priests going on in this disgusting way, in such a place as this, and while a religious service was being performed." "I suppose," I suggested, "that they mistook the psalm they chanted, and read it *Espektorans Espektorari*."

This spitting in Italy is unquestionably disgusting, and we fancy it prevails more frequently in churches than anywhere else. Certainly we have heard of a little book published in Italy for the instruction of young priests in the various minute rules to be followed in saying mass, in which occurs, at certain less solemn parts, the exquisitely naïve suggestion, *Qui si spuda*.

In the chapter on "Catholic Italy," Miss Cobbe has a few tolerable stories about popular sermons and superstitions; they are, however, for the most part more angry than funny, and not nearly so entertaining as sundry others that are to be heard from less spiteful and, we suspect, more authentic sources. Neither fiction nor ill-nature will readily match the *éloge* on O'Connell preached at Rome by the once famous Padre Ventura, wherein the orator, dilating on the hatred of English Protestantism towards the "Liberator," asserted that "even that most pious monarch, George IV., when he spoke of the Great Agitator, exclaimed (we leave the imprecation in its original Italian) '*Sia dannato da Dio O'Connell*.'" The whole passage is still to be found in the printed sermon. But Ventura is not alone in his peculiar views of the devout and gentlemanly monarch in question. A short time ago a poor woman was found upon her knees before the picture of the same holy Sovereign which adorns the galleries of the Vatican, piously telling her beads, under the idea that he was a canonized saint.

It need scarcely be added that *Italics* is not a book that can help us to any real knowledge of the actual state of affairs in Italy. Miss Cobbe has certainly one merit, in that she is eminently impartial in her aversions. She thinks that the Pope's "*bonhomie*," once genuine, has changed to a somewhat hypocritical *douceur* behaviour, concealing not a little spite and duplicity"; but she holds that Protestantism has little chance even in free Italy, from the incurable distaste of the people for everything approaching to the "evangelical" theology. She has ceased to worship Garibaldi, because of a certain unexplained autobiography, which, though edited and amplified by his friend Alexandre Dumas, is still published without disavowal as the work of Garibaldi himself. She abhors priests, nuns, and monks with all the hatred of a puritan and a woman combined; but she cannot resist Dr. Manning's ascetic-looking face, which she finds "worn, pale, and noble." "Such," she says, "were the great mediæval saints." And, moreover, "he is a very charming and well-bred gentleman." Dr. Manning may possibly not appreciate the compliment at its full worth, for Miss Cobbe assures us that Mazzini is regarded as a saint by his intimate friends, while she herself adores his face and emaciated figure as suggestive of the look of "an old Hebrew prophet." Evidently, with Miss Cobbe, leanness is intimately connected with sanctity; and what amount of angelic expression she would require in a Banting in order to regard him as an apostle, it is interesting to consider. Certainly it is difficult to believe that a new religious sect could be founded by a person who is obliged to walk down stairs backwards. At any rate, Miss Cobbe is evidently seriously struck by the ex-archdeacon, and we should tremble for her Protestantism if she were often subjected to the converting influences of the eyes and forehead that are said to be so fatal to



fine ladies of High Church proclivities. At such a crisis we can think of nothing that would save her but the judicious study of the countenance (living or in photograph) of some stout and jovial Roman ecclesiastic, whose rubicund cheeks might dissipate the spell that Dr. Manning is casting around her. In fact, with all her would-be manliness of understanding, Miss Cobbe is a mere woman after all—impetuous, headlong, ardent in hero-worshipping and villain-hating (according to her lights), and eagerly ambitious of being accounted sentimental, poetical, ladylike, gushing, artistic, and æsthetic. So that we are not exactly disposed to sit at her feet for instruction in politics, philosophy, and law, any more than in art; while what she knows about art may be gathered from her confession that the Duomo, the Baptistery, and the Campanile at Pisa are, to her mind, suggestive only of confectionery and sponge-cakes.

#### EPICARMUS.\*

THE origin, shrouded in the obscurity of the early middle age, of the modern drama has exercised the patience of generation after generation of antiquarians in every country of Europe. It is still uncertain to what extent the Mysteries and Miracles of the fourteenth century were a new invention, or were directly descended from the Roman theatre of the fifth century. There are "convulsionists," in literary history as well as in geology, who like epochs without antecedents. To others nothing begins to be; all is progress and development. "Lord Dundreary" derives in a right line, through "Gammer Gurton's Needle," from the "Chester Mysteries." The miracle-plays are but the Christianizing of the popular farces which survived the regular drama on the wreck of the theatres, by the barbarians, in the sixth century. Every larger municipal town had its theatre, in which, to the last, Plautus might be occasionally seen. But Plautus carries us back already to B.C. 200, and to the Greeks, of whom Plautus was confessedly a copyist. Mounting upwards we ascend rapidly through the New, the Middle, and the Old Comedy. But comedy and tragedy—the drama altogether—is exclusively Attic. "If any Greek in a distant part," says Plato, "has written what he thinks a passable tragedy, he posts off with it to Athens. If it succeeds there, he is secure of a reputation wide as Greece." The Attic stage, and the Festivals of Dionysus at Athens, were the nursery of the comic drama of Europe. The nursery only, not the birthplace; for this we must go one stage further back. Doric, not Attic, was the native dialect of comedy. The earliest Attic writers of the "old comedy" drew their inspiration from abroad. Chionides and Magnes professed to build upon the foundation of the Megarian pantomime. It is in Epicharmus, of Doric Megara, that written comedy acknowledges its ancestor and inventor, and the era of its birth accordingly is between 480-500 B.C. Epicharmus had no predecessors, no models. He has been copied and adapted by many followers, but had himself none to copy. Beyond Epicharmus the tradition of the comic stage does not ascend.

What was Epicharmus? How came he to invent comedy? What are his plays like? These are questions of classical scholarship, but also of an interest wide as literature. Of course they are questions only to be answered from the plays themselves. Epicharmus, though not as prolific as M. Scirebe, was no less fertile than writers for the stage usually are. But time has engulfed it all—all save about three hundred scattered lines, which have floated like so much wreck to the shore of our modern age. Of these three hundred lines some thirty or forty are suspected as spurious; that is, though found quoted from Epicharmus, are thought not to have been written by him. At least as many more are so corrupt that their meaning is conjectural. For these and other reasons there remain barely two hundred lines out of which the classical paleontologist may attempt to reconstruct a living image of the first comic poet, whose "works," in the Alexandrine recension of them, filled ten volumes.

This desperate undertaking is now attempted by a German philologist, Herr Lorenz. The three hundred lines require, we find, about as many pages for their elucidation. At first sight, we cannot help suspecting these proportions of having something to do with professorial book-making. We are, therefore, agreeably surprised to find that very little can fairly be set down to this common sin of monographs. Even the first chapter, on "the Doric Drama," though it does but go over again ground thoroughly beaten by K. O. Müller, forms, we are forced to allow, an indispensable prologue. The *Life of Epicharmus* had been well worked up by Bernhardt in Ersch and Gruber's *Encyclopædie*, but some few gleanings were still left which the present editor has carefully gathered in. If he anywhere indulges in superfluities, it is in the fifth chapter, in which, for want of materials, the growth of comedy is traced hypothetically. On the whole, we close Herr Lorenz's treatise with a satisfied conviction how much can be inferred from how few data, how certain the process of restoration is, and how clear is the line which, in historical philology, separates sound induction from fanciful suggestion.

Epicharmus was worth pains, for he was a very remarkable man. The inventor of comedy could hardly have been other. Epicharmus was no mere droll who set himself the task of amusing a ribald populace and a luxurious sovereign. He had appropriated all the best philosophical thinking of his age—the age of Xenophanes

and Heraclitus. He, and probably his father before him, had been taught in the schools of the Pythagoreans, even if he had not known Pythagoras himself. More than this, Epicharmus was himself an original and powerful thinker, though he has not given his name to a particular system of opinion. Ennius entitled a Pythagorean didactic poem "Epicharmus," and one Alcimus wrote an essay (not extant) in which he tried to show that Plato's Dialogues had drawn largely from Epicharmus' comedies. So much we may assert of him, even if we do not ascribe to him a philosophical poem "Of Nature," as Lorenz is ready to do, on precarious evidence. Though the allusion in Plato is jocular, yet even in that passage (*Theætet.* p. 152) it is not without significance that Homer and Epicharmus, on the one side, are set over against Protagoras, Heraclitus, and Empedocles on the other.

The invention of comedy demands the very highest gifts of mind, and especially this broad and philosophical knowledge of human nature. For the invention of comedy is not merely the invention of intrigue and plot, and its dénouement, drawn to a climax through a succession of scenes, of laughable situations, and ridiculous contrasts of character. It is all this, but it is much more. All true jesting, as Jean Paul says, implies depth of character; moral indifference annihilates the distinction between jest and earnest, and in such a soil they cease to be. It is only experience, ripened by reflection, which enables us to see that the follies and errors of mankind have not merely a ridiculous side, but that they are so many indications of a one-sided undeveloped nature—that they spring from mental deformity, the consequence of a cramped education and a defective experience. No comic writer has attained greatness who has not placed himself on this platform. This witty irony which sympathises with, and pities and understands, its victim, is the very rarest of intellectual gifts. Mockers, scoffers, persifleurs—Aristophanes and Lucian, Swift and Voltaire—belong to another, and an inferior, type. Rabelaisian laughter is compounded of vulgar elements, and all its philosophy consists in referring men's acts to selfish and sensual motives. Its satire is a sneer, and the acme of its wisdom is to deny the existence of virtue.

True comic genius is the opposite of this. Its sportive laugh is directed, not in bitterness against human nature, but against its foibles. It pays the highest homage to virtue, tending always towards an ideal perfection. It is of the utmost significance, then, that "the first of comic poets," as Plato styles Epicharmus, was a man of thorough philosophic culture. Only such a one was capable of opening the true vein of comedy. Of course the inventor of comedy owed much to suggestions and opportunities. Educated, if not born, in the Sicilian Megara, he was familiar from childhood with the broad forms of popular wit and street chaff. Of all the Doric towns, Megara distinguished itself by its turn for coarse banter and practical joke. Here, from of old, the Bacchus festivals were celebrated with all the wild license of the vintage season, with the personalities, the repartees, the home thrusts for which the Doric race and dialect were famous. The mimes and the mummers, and the processions of the jolly Comastæ, in their harlequin dresses of many colours, were here at home. The waggon for a stage, the cork-tree bark for a mask, the adventures of Dionysus the wine-giver for a subject, the song and dance of the peasants for accompaniment—the materials of comedy were all ready to hand. All that was wanting was the master-mind to weave these elements into one whole, to exalt the *charivari* of October to the dignity of poetry. We can easily imagine—certainly we cannot prove—the upward steps by which a genius and a training like that of Epicharmus advanced from rude farce to the true conception of comedy. We can imagine him in his mythological travesties—in "Pyrrhia and Prometheus," or "Hebe's Wedding"—giving the reins to his youthful exuberance, and lashing out on all sides strokes fair and foul upon the civic notabilities, where, as in a small town like Megara, everybody knew everybody. As he became conscious of his powers, he removed to a larger sphere, to Syracuse. This city was then at the moment of its greatest splendour. Under Gelo and Hiero, Syracuse stood at the head of the Greek world. It was the most populous, the most wealthy, and the most civilized city in which the Greek tongue was spoken. If more refined wit and greater caution were here required, at least an audience was obtained capable of appreciating them both. Along with wealth and civilization followed, of course, luxury and vice. The *bourgeois* of Syracuse was notoriously fond of good living and the pleasures of the table. It is to this that we owe the preservation of a large part of the few scraps of Epicharmus which the grammarians have preserved; they contained out-of-the-way words—the names of peculiar Syracusan dishes or cakes. But the Syracusan loved good talk along with his good cheer. The lively, cheerful, chatty temper of the Greek Sicilian was almost proverbial. It did not forsake him even under the worst of tyrannies—that of a debauched Roman Proconsul. "Nunquam tam male est Siculis, quin aliquid facere et commode dicant," says Cicero. Under Gelo, provided you did not touch upon home politics, no doubt there was a free career for the dramatic satirist. And Hiero was the munificent patron of genius of every kind, but especially of poets. This was the very sphere for the comic drama, and all that was wanting was the poet. Epicharmus came, and created comedy. To this man was given the eye to see that underneath the rough repartee and rude witticism of the common man there lies a deep principle, which pervades all life; that these are but the ill-regulated outbreaks of an ideal necessity, which is ever prompting to place the bad and the imperfect in sharp contrast

\* *Leben und Schriften des Koer's Epicharmos, nebst einer Fragmentensammlung.* Von Aug. O. Fr. Lorenz. Berlin: 1864.

with the excellent and the perfect. Vice is not the direct object of comedy. Vice is the object of satire; it is not laughable. To have been the first to seize this point of view is to have been the inventor of comedy. This is the invention which is associated for ever with the name of Epicharmus.

#### ARCHBISHOP WHATELY'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.\*

MISS WHATELY is well performing her office of literary executor to her father. A republication of his whole works would be out of place. The *Logic* and *Rhetoric* had their value in their day. They expanded the range of Oxford intellect in the direction in which Oxford was then willing to receive expansion; and the *Fallacies* appended to the former, if not strictly part of a logical treatise (for they were almost exclusively material, not formal), were full of suggestive passages, and went a long way in teaching an inert academical generation to think with some clearness and independence. Most of his other works were of considerable though temporary interest, and in his notes on Paley and Bacon he incorporated many of the passages which, in his later years, he thought most deserving of prolonged life. In 1855-6 there appeared a volume or two of selections from his writings, made by a friendly hand with his Grace's permission (to say the truth, Whately was rather fond of being "selected" and epitomized); and in now giving to the world these Remains, which there seems some reason to think may be supplemented by a second volume from parts of the *Commonplace-book* which were supposed at one time to be lost, but—if we may trust a passing notice the other day—have been lately recovered, Miss Whately is erecting the best monument to her father's memory. Moreover, the volumes in question enable those who are curious in literary history to compare the rough-hewn thoughts of the Archbishop, as they appear in the earlier pages of the *Commonplace-book* which was his constant companion, with their fuller development in his published works; and they who, with ourselves, think the broad outlines of thought and theory more valuable in the rough than in their elaborated, and sometimes emasculated, fulness of statement, have here a storehouse of lively notions, and very lively illustrations, which will take their place beside *Guesses at Truth* by the brothers Hare. To this latter work, indeed, they have a close affinity—as close as is consistent with the difference between the thoroughly Oxford tone of Whately and the Cambridge element which, notwithstanding Augustus Hare's being of Oxford, pervades the *Guesses*. The *Guesses*, again, have a cheery, healthy, undergraduate smack about them, which is exchanged in Whately—very unconsciously—for the savour of the Oxford tutor. Sometimes he is more staid, as if restrained by his feeling of *ῥὸ πρῶτον* and sometimes (by the very reaction against donnishness in his earlier, and against party spirit in his later, days) more flagrantly *ἰνάντιος* *ταῖς* *ὁδοῖς* than either the Hares or any one else could have been. But the difference either way is real. And perhaps it is best expressed by saying that while the Hares were investigators, guessers, starters of intellectual game, it probably never occurred to Whately that he was, or could be, guessing at anything. Every new notion came from his brain *totus*, if not always *terres*; he was essentially a teacher. He advised a man one day, who was puzzled with some Aristotelian difficulty, to lay hold of a pupil, and try to teach him it. The advice was sound as a rule, and it is evidently the way in which he learned himself. No doubt this way of teaching oneself by the help of other people's stupidity, and sharpening one's own brains by making whetstones of everybody else, brings with it a certain contempt for the persons who contribute the passive element to the operation; and in this, as every one knows, Whately was far indeed from being deficient to begin with. It ends also, too probably, in a sort of appetite for followers, *claqueurs*, and *assentatores*, which dwarfs and deteriorates the class-leader.

Very early in Whately's career, Dr. Newman tells us, he had observed that Whately did not like people to differ from him; and we almost fear that what was originally a love of good healthy banter, with a fair amount of give-and-take about its war of words, degenerated into an archiepiscopal tendency towards something very like snubbing. The battle is no longer equal. The pupil may retort; a brother don, however dull in general, may deal a telling back-hander now and then; but the Palace is an awful place. The chaplain who has obtained promotion, and the curate who is looking out for it, must suppress the repartee that springs to his lips, all the more determinately in proportion to its vigour. It is not, however, fair to form even a passing conjecture as to Whately's falling into this unwholesome mess of obsequiousness on the one hand and *brusquerie* on the other, until we have considerably better means of forming a judgment respecting his later life than any that can be gathered from Mr. Fitzpatrick's pre-eminently impertinent invasion of the literary proprieties. Miss Whately promises to conclude her labours with a *Life* of her father, and though probably no one now can supply the living features of Whately of Oriel—i.e., the true Whately, for we take it that the Dublin Whately was an ungenial mistake, a fish out of water—as Nassau Senior, for instance, could have done had he still survived, yet we may be sure of much interesting detail; and at all events the picture will be filled in with the gentler home-touches which

unquestionably existed, and of which, as unquestionably, the popular notion of Whately stands very much in need.

We are here, however, concerned with his *Commonplace-book*, not his biography, and yet it is very full of autobiographic traits of unusual value. The following, for example, explain a good deal of the inner man whose outside bearing laid him open to many a misconception:—

I suffered all the extreme agonies of shyness for many years; and if the efforts to which I was continually stimulated [to think about his gaucherie, copy other people's manners, &c.] had been in any degree successful, or had been applauded as such, I should probably have gone on to affectation, and have remained conscious all my life; but finding no encouragement, I was fortunately driven to utter despair. I then said to myself, "Why should I endure this torture all my life to no purpose? I would bear it still if there were any progress made, any success to be hoped for; but since there is not, I will die quietly without taking any more doses. I have tried my very utmost, and find that I must be as awkward as a bear all my life in spite of it. I will endeavour to think as little about it as a bear, and make up my mind to endure what can't be cured." From this time I struggled as vigorously to harden myself against censure as I ever had to avoid it. . . . I was acting more wisely than I thought for at the time, and I succeeded beyond my expectations, for I not only got rid of the personal feeling of shyness, but also of most of those faults of manner which consciousness produces, and acquired at once an easy and natural manner, careless indeed in the extreme, from its originating in a stern defiance of opinion, which I had convinced myself must ever be against me; rough and awkward, for smoothness and grace are quite out of my way; and, of course, tutorially pedantic; but unconscious, and therefore giving expression to that goodwill towards men which I really feel.—(1813.)

Again, in 1857:—

I have known a man—a son of my father's—who was regarded by nearly half of his most intimate acquaintances as excessively *sanguine*, and by rather more than half as excessively *desponding*. A phrenologist, in examining his skull, gave a description which might explain this strange discrepancy; "very enterprising, very persevering, not at all sanguine." This judgment was based on "hope, small; cautiousness, large; and again, firmness, conscientiousness, veneration, benevolence, constructiveness, and the reflective organs, all large." The latter organs made him devise schemes for the public good (in which his firmness ensured perseverance) and *try* at them as a matter of duty even when the chance of success was small, since duty consists in *trying*, not in succeeding; and the former organs led him to anticipate failure. Again, that same person was regarded by some (though not many) of those who knew him well, as very opinionated, pertinacious, contemptuous towards opponents, and intolerant of dissent; and by most, as very hesitating in forming his judgment, very open to conviction, and eminently tolerant. The cause was, I conceive, that the strongest *assertions* unsupported by *proof*, and the ten-thousandth iteration of such assurances, had no weight with him at all; and moreover that the more numerous and pertinacious and able were those who differed from him, the more he adhered to his opinions, when his reasons for them had been given, and remained unanswered; because, in proportion to the number and the zeal and the ability of his opponents, the probability is the stronger that some flaw in the argument would be detected if any there were.

Thus far, those who please may take the passage for an analysis of a "son of his father," but the irrepressible personal pronoun cannot be longer kept in:—

Some doctrines which I have maintained have been before the public, with my reasons in support of them, from fifteen to thirty years, and have attracted no small attention. That the majority are opposed to them, and have been all along, confirms my adherence to them more and more every year, because no answer at all, or none that deserves the name of an argument, has ever appeared. And this some regard as a proof that I hold cheap all who differ from me, when in truth it proves the very reverse, since I consider that they would have found a refutation in all that time had refutation been possible.

There is something of the wrong side, as well as of the right side, of Whately here. It never occurs to him that any human being, of appreciable intellectual worth, could be honestly able to say that he never read the "doctrines," or never thought it worth while to answer them.

Here is one more extract, also characteristic of Whately, but pre-eminently of Ireland:—

A man once asked me for a living, avowedly on the ground that he had always been my strenuous adversary, and I had thus, he said, a "fine opportunity of showing my magnanimity." He had heard, probably, of my being a whimsical person who was above personal resentment, and of deliberate esteem and *disesteem*, founded on principles of justice, the vulgar have no notion. They can understand "bearing malice," and they can understand "forgive and forget," but to forgive without forgetting seems to them a contradiction.

These are not at all either livelier or more characteristic extracts than might be made from almost any page of Miss Whately's singularly interesting little volume. Perhaps for the first time we here see Whately very much as he saw himself. Even in matters which occupied his serious attention for years, and to which he devoted large volumes with inexhaustible liberality, we prefer his embryo-octavos as they appear here, sometimes in an essay of a couple of pages, sometimes in a pithy sentence. The little collection of Apophthegms that he made from *γνώμης* scattered up and down his works—they are only twenty-five in all—might be greatly enlarged, perhaps even into a volume something like one of Coleridge's *Table-Talk*. If this ever comes to pass, we may be allowed to beg that it be not headed, as here, *Apophthegms*. Possibly Whately wrote it so, as we observe that he once writes *ῥηθρημα*, and now and then misquotes his Greek and Latin; but it is not expedient to remind the world that the Archbishop's forte lay in his own language, his authority on matters of scholarship being unfortunately inconsiderable.

Also, in a future re-editing of the *Commonplace-book* (in full), together with a good selection of sentences and bright sayings from his works, we venture to request the omission of his poetry. It only fills twenty pages; but it afflicts one much as one is afflicted by being shown, at Abbotsford, Walter Scott's old coat and

\* *Miscellaneous Remains from the Commonplace-Book of Richard Whately, D.D., late Archbishop of Dublin.* Edited by Miss E. J. Whately. London: Longman & Co. 1864.



trousers. The Napoleonic effusions very possibly passed muster in the patriotic fever of the time. But it is scarcely fair to Whately to give enduring record to such rant as the following:—

Brave youths who thirst for fight!  
Now's the time for noble deeds;  
Up the steep and slippery height,  
Now spur your gallant steeds.  
For 'tis Wellington that gives the command;  
Charge! charge! (or all is lost)  
On the close-embattled host,  
And drive them from their post,  
Sword in hand!

The parenthesis, in a serio-comic point of view, is inimitable; but the age is unluckily gifted with too ready a perception of the ludicrous for such experiments. That Whately could have written serio-comic verse (though scarcely verse of any other kind) the following, from a supposed "Elegy on Dr. Buckland," gives genial evidence:—

Where shall we our great Professor inter,  
That in peace may rest his bones?  
If we hew him a rocky sepulchre  
He'll rise and break the stones,  
And examine each stratum that lies around,  
For he's quite in his element underground.  
If with mattock and spade his body we lay  
In the common alluvial soil,  
He'll start up and snatch these tools away  
Of his own geological toil;  
In a stratum so young the Professor disdains  
That embedded should lie his organic remains.  
Then exposed to the drip of some case-hardening spring  
His carcase let stalactite cover,  
And to Oxford the petrified sage let us bring  
When he is encrusted all over;  
There, 'mid mammoths and crocodiles, high on a shelf,  
Let him stand as a monument raised to himself.

#### BRYCE'S HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE.\*

IT is not often that a University Prize Essay is of any permanent value, or indeed that it is worth printing at all. The compositions yearly sent in for the various prizes are often highly creditable to the young men who send them in; they often show as much research and as much thought as can be reasonably expected at their years, and they often give signs of real promise for future years—signs which, in many cases, the eminence of their authors in later life has not belied. And in a competition for a single prize, where, unlike the class list, the success of one candidate excludes the success of any other, it frequently happens that the winner of the prize has had rivals who have trod closely upon his heels, and whose compositions, though they have failed in some point wherein he has succeeded, show just as much promise for the future as his own. As mere academical exercises, then, as mere practice and preparation for something greater, our Prize Essays are much to be commended. And, in those cases where their authors have risen to real distinction in after days, it is curious and interesting to look back upon their early efforts. But it is seldom indeed that a Prize Essay is of any intrinsic value. It is neither likely nor desirable that men who are still only on the threshold of their studies should either actually discover new facts or put old facts in any new light. Things naturally seem recondite to the author of a Prize Essay which ten years hence he will look upon as obvious. He will feel, if not proud, at least contented, with an amount of reading for which, ten years afterwards, he would as soon think of taking credit as he would think of taking credit for knowledge of the Latin Grammar. And the fact that the Prize Essay is a Prize Essay—that it is written in order to get a prize, that the reading preparatory to its composition has been gone through mainly with a view to the prize—takes away something from the reality of the thing. The virtues of a Prize Essay are not exactly virtues which are cultivated for their own sake. Even in a good Prize Essay, there can hardly fail to be a certain display of rather small learning, which is perfectly natural and pardonable in such a composition, but which hinders the Prize Essay, as such, from taking any place in the ranks of permanent literature.

To these remarks there ever and anon appears an exception, because ever and anon some one appears whose mind is mature at an age when most minds are immature, and who writes his Prize Essay as he would write an essay on the same subject ten or twenty years later. Of such exceptions Mr. Bryce's Essay now before us is a splendid example. Mr. Bryce has wound up an academical career of unusual brilliancy by producing, in the form of an academical Prize Essay, a real and valuable contribution to historical literature. The Judges of the Arnold Prize made a most fortunate choice of a subject, one which exactly fell in with the studies and feelings of the successful competitor, and the volume before us is the result. The subject is so completely beyond the common track of young men's reading, it is surrounded by such a mass of popular error, it requires not only so much unusual study, but such a still more unusual clearness of sight and independence of thought, that to treat it fittingly at once supplied a real test of historic power. Mr. Bryce has stood the test. We trust that he may produce greater works than the thin volume before us; but, if he does, we may still turn to

his first attempt with something more than the interest attaching to a first attempt. Whatever may be the future fruit of Mr. Bryce's powers, the present Essay will be able to stand beside them by its own intrinsic value. A history of the Holy Roman Empire executed as this Essay is executed would fill up a mighty chasm in our literature, and would at once place its author in the first rank of historical writers. Still the Essay itself would hardly lose its place as a brief and clear summary of facts which many people know, but which few people realize. In Oxford itself Mr. Bryce's Essay ought, in a jargon which Mr. Bryce would not use, to "inaugurate an epoch." It exactly supplies a want; it affords a key to much which men read of in their books as isolated facts, but of which they have hitherto had no connected exposition set before them. With this Essay in the student's hand, mistakes and confusions about the Roman Empire and its subordinate kingdoms will no longer be venial.

And yet, after all, we may be allowed to ask how far this most successful production of Mr. Bryce is really an exception to the rule about Prize Essays. We have no doubt that this Essay, as sent in to the Judges, was something very superior to the common run of such compositions. But that it was not the finished and scholarlike production which now lies before us we learn from Mr. Bryce himself. "It is right," he tells us, "to state that this Essay has been greatly changed and enlarged since it was composed for the Arnold Prize at Oxford." We could have guessed as much without Mr. Bryce telling us. The amount of real thought and real research, some of it in very recondite quarters, which the volume displays is very remarkable as it is; but it would have been utterly impossible in a young man just out of the Schools. Mr. Bryce has done wisely in not reprinting his Essay in what must have been a comparatively crude form, but in taking a year or two's further study to work it into a shape worthy of permanent life. He has done so most successfully. In one point alone do we still discern some slight trace of the juvenile character of the Prize Essay. It is not in the matter, which is thoroughly mature; it is not in the style, which is little less so. It is in the kind of references to be found in the notes, especially throughout the earlier part of the Essay. Every scholar who has seriously given himself to historical study will remember the sort of wonder with which he finds himself launched on what at first seems to be a pathless ocean. The references to original writers with which the notes of Gibbon and Milman are thick fill him with a mysterious awe. The late classical and early mediæval writers seem like a kind of shadows which he can hardly hope to grasp. To find them, to read them, seems almost beyond him. Gradually they lose their wonder; their local habitation, in Muratori, or Pertz, or the Bonn Byzantines, is soon found; they are read or consulted, and become as familiar as the works of people who wrote earlier or later. Mr. Bryce, when he fairly gets into his subject, shows deep and original research in many quarters which it must have cost him a good deal of trouble to get at. But there is throughout something not perfectly satisfactory in his style of quotation, and in the preliminary sketch we find such references as "Jornandes, cited by Gibbon," "Orosius, quoted by Gibbon," "Tertullian," and again "Zosimus, quoted by Marquard Freher." This is a distinct vestige of the Prize Essay. Here are books which are found in every College Library, treated as something mysterious and unapproachable. But if this is a distinct trace of the genuine Prize Essay manner, it is pretty well the only one which we can discern in Mr. Bryce's volume. A tendency to use the inflected genitive in cases hardly suited to sober prose is a defect in style, but one to be seen in many compositions beside Prize Essays.

As for the matter of the volume itself, it is of a kind which we can hail with unmixed satisfaction. We welcome Mr. Bryce as in a special manner a fellow-labourer of our own. In almost every page he brands some error or sets forth some truth about which it has been our own lot to bear testimony in our own way. From the beginning to the ending, from Mr. Bryce's comments on Rome under the early Caesars to his comments on the condition and prospects of modern Germany and Italy, there is hardly a word to which we could not unreservedly subscribe. We know of no English writer who has so thoroughly grasped the real nature and essence of the mediæval Empire, and its relations alike to earlier and to later times. We need hardly say that there is no subject which is so commonly or so utterly misunderstood, not only by the world at large, but even by professed scholars. And we need hardly add that, without a full understanding of the mediæval Empire, all study of mediæval history is, we will not say thrown away, but reduced to a level hardly higher than that of local archaeology. Without it, a man may doubtless judge accurately of this or that isolated fact in the history of more or less isolated countries like England, Spain, or Sweden, but of general mediæval history he can have no understanding whatever, and in Germany, Italy, and Gaul he cannot even fully grasp particular facts. To the mass of readers and writers the history of somewhat more than a thousand years is simply an insoluble puzzle. That the Roman Empire went on uninterruptedly from the younger C. Julius Cæsar to "Franciscus Secundus, Romanorum Imperator electus, Germanie et Hierusalem Rex," is what many people cannot even take in as a fact. They who just take it in as a fact are simply satisfied with despising it as a sham. Now, in the time of Francis the Second, it had undoubtedly become a mere sham and a mischievous sham. It is open to anybody who pleases to call it a sham from the death of

\* *The Holy Roman Empire*. By James Bryce, B.A. Oxford: Shrimpton. London: Macmillan & Co. 1864.

Frederick the Second, nay from Otto or from the Great Charles himself. In a certain sense it was a sham; Francis and Frederick and Otto and Charles were all very different people from Theodosius and Constantine. What Mr. Bryce understands, and works out with a clearness and power which we have never before seen brought to bear on the subject, is that though, in a sense, the mediæval Empire was a sham throughout, it was none the less practically important for being a sham. The whole world believed that the old Roman Empire did exist, ought to exist, must exist, and, west of the Adriatic, every man believed that it existed in the person of the German King. Such a belief could not fail to be of a practical importance which it is impossible to overrate. We may laugh when Frederick Barbarossa identifies himself, as a Roman prince, not only with his predecessor Trajan, but with "our Consul M. Antonius." But people at the time did not laugh. They believed that Frederick really was the direct successor of Trajan, and enormous practical consequences followed on that belief. It proves nothing to show that that belief was erroneous or ridiculous. Protestants think it erroneous or ridiculous to believe that St. Peter was the divinely appointed Head of the Church, and that the Pope is the divinely appointed successor of St. Peter. But, on the showing of Protestants no less than on that of Catholics, the consequences of that belief have been most momentous. So with the Empire. The belief in its claims may have been as foolish, as mischievous, as the fiercest Protestant holds belief in the Papal claims to have been. The point is not that men were wise or enlightened for believing in the Empire, but that, as a matter of fact, they did believe in the Empire, and that the course of history was influenced in a degree which can hardly be exaggerated by the fact that they did believe in it. This is the real point. When we come to discuss the comparative good and evil of things, the Papacy and the Empire alike will be found to have their bright and their dark side. Each worked for good and for evil in the days of its power, and each outlived its own usefulness and became a mere burden on the world. The Empire is gone; it could go, because, after all, deeply as men believed in it, it was not exactly an article of faith necessary to salvation. But the Papacy survives, because, in the minds of many millions of men, it is an article of faith necessary to salvation. We may ourselves disbelieve and reject what others believe; but that does not alter the fact of their belief, or the importance of that fact. The fact that they do so believe makes the whole face of Europe different from what it would be if they did not so believe. What is needed to understand mediæval history is to grasp the fact that belief in the Empire was a practically working element just as belief in the Popedom was. How far either Pope or Emperor was good or bad for the world is another question.

No part of Mr. Bryce's Essay is so brilliant as those passages in which he works out the analogy between the Papacy and the Empire—the sun and moon of Christendom, as men then looked on them—and shows how each was alike essential to the idea of a perfect polity which then prevailed. The Holy Roman Empire was simply the temporal aspect of the Holy Church Universal. The dominion of the Roman Pontiff and the dominion of the Roman Emperor were co-extensive. To each alike God had given the heathen for his inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession. Within this boundless dominion, each bore one of the two swords. The authority of each within his own range was divine in a sense in which that of no inferior potentate was divine. To each, within his own range, all Kings must bow down and all nations must do service. Pope and Emperor alike, each with his own *Corpus Juris*, is the embodiment of law, of lawful dominion, of divinely instituted government, as opposed to mere violence and anarchy. Kings, Dukes, commonwealths, might all exist, all flourish within their local limits, but the majesty of Cæsar must be above all. Here is a magnificent theory which we need not say was never carried out; it was never carried out, if only because our own island, save during one most brief and most doubtful interval, never admitted the Imperial claims. But the theory was not therefore the less momentous as a theory, and, at some particular points of time, it was very far from being carried out. That the dignity of Roman Emperor was annexed to the sovereignty of Germany, that the King of the East Franks was an inchoate Cæsar and Augustus, whose German election gave him a right to claim the Imperial Crown, was no part of the abstract theory of the Empire. These doctrines, firmly established as they became, were deductions from particular historical facts, in no way essential to the Imperial idea, perhaps rather marred its perfection. Mr. Bryce traces throughout, with remarkable power and clearness, the various forms which the mediæval Empire assumed, and the different periods into which its duration must be divided. It is wonderful how much matter he has crowded into a short space, and yet how much room he has found for deep reflection, for vigorous and even eloquent comment. He has of course not written a history, but in the short compass of his volume he has given the key to all mediæval history. If we have any fault to find with his views, it is that he hardly brings into full prominence the importance which for a long time was retained by the Eastern Empire, and its continued rivalry with the Western. Of course a scholar like Mr. Bryce shows nothing of the ignorant contempt with which so many people look on the Eastern Empire at any date, but we think he might have made rather more of this side of his subject. So far as we complain at all, we complain, not of defect, still less of error, but simply of a certain lack of proportion. The "magnus et excelsus Constantinopolitanus Imperator"

was something more, even in the twelfth century, than people would infer from Mr. Bryce's pages.

On the whole, we never saw a nobler opening of what we trust may prove a long and brilliant career in the walks of historical literature. It would be an insult to Mr. Bryce to speak of his work in the sort of language in which we generally have to acknowledge the merits of so young a writer. There is no room here for condescension, patronage, or encouragement. Mr. Bryce's Essay is not promise merely, but performance. His book fills up a gap; it explains, as we never before saw it explained, that without which all mediæval history is unintelligible. Its usefulness will be lessened only when Mr. Bryce, or some other writer gifted with the same powers and writing in the same spirit, shall write in detail the whole gigantic history to which he has given us the key.

#### THE SLANG DICTIONARY.\*

THIS is an enlarged and improved edition of *A Dictionary of Modern Slang, Cant, and Vulgar Words*, published by "A London Antiquary" five years ago; and the judgment which we passed at the time we find but little occasion to modify. The work is improved, inasmuch as many of the faulty derivations of the earlier editions have been amended, and a good deal of fresh and accurate matter has been imported into it from the reviews and correspondence which were called forth by its first publication. And it has been enlarged, but not always improved, by the incorporation of a vast many technical terms and phrases which are in no sense either slang or cant. Mr. Hotten—who is, we believe, the author as well as publisher of the work—boasts that in the present edition he has doubled the number of words in his Dictionary. He now gives us 10,000 words and phrases "commonly deemed vulgar"; but, as he assures us that the English language only contains 38,000 words, we are driven to the conclusion either that nearly one-third of our language consists of vulgar words, or that he has stamped with the obelus of vulgarity many words and phrases which are simply idiomatic. Mr. Hotten deserves considerable praise for his research and care in the present compilation; but he is deficient in the critical faculty, frequently giving alternative etymologies or derivations, one and sometimes both of which are positive nonsense, and not seldom failing to distinguish mere technicalities and provincialisms from true slang.

Indeed, we think the Dictionary ought to have been divided into at least three divisions—namely, Cant, Slang, and Vulgarisms. Cant is a sort of language. It is said to be taken from the gipsy or Romany tongue; and this, again, is probably only a *Lingua Franca*, with a few Orientalisms. But, apart from its philological value, cant is a secret tongue. It is, or it affects to be, the medium of communication used by the world of dishonesty only. It comprises the mysterious signs and phrases from the knowledge of which the outsiders of respectability are excluded. Thief calls to thief in cant, and trusts that neither his victims nor his natural enemy, the policeman, will understand him. Cant, too, almost rises to the dignity of a universal language, and in a distant way it approaches to realizing Bishop Wilkins' dream of establishing a general medium of oral communication. Slang, on the other hand, does not affect any mysteries. It cannot fall back on the Sanscrit, like the noble cant expression *Dacha-saltee*, for tenpence; or on the Romance languages, like *Deaner*, from *dinero*, for money, or like *donna* and *feeles*, for woman and children. Slang is usually only a metaphorical and quaint use of the vernacular. It is evanescent and local. Technicalities, archaisms, and provincialisms explain themselves, and it is only by an abuse of words that they come into a slang dictionary. Of course it is quite true that, metaphorically, we often stigmatize terms of art and technical phrases as slang. But then we do not mean that the phrases are, in any true sense, slang, but that they become slang to those who use them. Mr. Hotten gives instances of what he calls religious slang, for example; but these phrases ought to have had no place in his book. They may be party phrases, technical phrases, phrases adopted by a school, and addressed only to the initiated; but this does not make them slang in the true sense of the term. The phrases may be silly, or pretentious, or affected, or unreal; but neither do these qualities make them slang. They are, it is true, often unintelligible to those who are not of the party, and are ungrammatical and generally un-English; but still they are not really slang. A "stated minister," a "faithful" preacher, a "truly pious sister," a "gracious sermon," are technicalities, not slang, except in a metaphorical sense. And Mr. Conybeare—it was not "Dean Conybeare," we may remind Mr. Hotten, but the Dean's son—in his article on Church Parties in the *Edinburgh Review*, would have been surprised to find that his sarcastic denunciation of such phrases as specimens of "religious slang" had been taken seriously. Mr. Hotten inserts in his Dictionary the phrase "high and dry" as a slang word. It is a mere piece of humour—an epigrammatic epithet, but in no sense slang. Nor are colloquialisms slang; nor are archaisms; nor, as we have said, are words of art, and the names of tools or processes peculiar to a craft or profession. We should never have thought of setting down as slang words such as these which we find in Mr. Hotten's Dictionary:—"Bittock," "dawdle,"

\* *The Slang Dictionary; or, the Vulgar Words, Street Phrases, and "Fast" Expressions of High and Low Society, &c.* London: John C. Hotten. 1864.



"chubby," "Brazil—a hard wood," "bemuse," "hawse-holes," "Salaam," "bantling," "spanking," "wild oats," "little-go," "gownsmen," "gravel, in the sense of confound," "gingerly," "dog, to follow in one's steps," "doldrums," "crack a bottle," "cotton-lord," "chuck, to throw," "score," "amug," "wooden-spoon," "white lie," "under the rose," "pig-headed," "mop, a statute fair," "handsel," "ganger," "smudge." Of pure cant—that is, of the really old gipsy language, of which the derivations are probably to be found in some of the Aryan dialects—we believe the remains actually in vernacular use to be very few indeed. Cant has incorporated words from the languages spoken where gipsies most do congregate; consequently, most of the old cant words in use in the thieves' quarter betray a Spanish origin. For instance, *murgarly casa*, a cook's shop, is, as Mr. Hotten notes, evidently a *Lingua Franca* phrase; *ken*, a house, may very possibly be pure Oriental from *khan*; *moke*, for a donkey, looks original; so does *towre*, to see, and *pal*, a brother; *vamoose* is pure Spanish; but *togs* is clearly from the Latin; and *kinchen* from the German. Slang, however, has no philological value of any sort. It is for the most part arbitrary, and is generally only a coarse and incongruous sort of metaphor. It is also evanescent. Slang comes and goes; it has a brief popularity, but the slang of one century is often unintelligible in another. Besides which, slang admits of degrees, and stands a chance of rising in the world. A really good slang phrase is tolerated and then adopted; and what was vulgar to our fathers becomes idiomatic to ourselves. On the other hand, good old English words go out of fashion, become unpopular, and degenerate into slang. Slang, too, is cosmopolitan, and in these railway days is constantly recruiting itself from American and Anglo-Indian sources. For example, a *go* of brandy is, and is likely to remain, slang. "Up the spout," "stunning," "trap, for a carriage," "heavy wet," and "knowledge-box," are never likely to acquire the stamp of respectability. On the other hand, there are several trivial words which bid fair to be recognised, not only in polite society, but in respectable literature. Such are the recent words "dodge," "chaff," "fluke," "touter," "fast," "whipping," and "plant."

Where so much has been done by Mr. Hotten, it may seem somewhat ungracious to detect errors; but our apology, if any is needed, may point to the editor's own request for assistance in a work which must have cost him much labour, and in which to succeed at all is no small praise. We venture, therefore, to demur to some of his explanations. *Corinthian*, in the days of George IV., meant, it is quite true, high life; but the word seems to be derived, not from Corinth and its hetære, but from the Corinthian capital of society, which the aristocracy claims to be. *Corned*, drunk, is not from soaking like corned beef, but being drunk on beer which is made from barleycorn. *Canary*, a sovereign, is obviously from its yellow colour, and is not "a Norwich term, that city being famous for its breed of canary birds." *Stroke* is not "a companion in a rowing-boat who times his oar with you," but the first rower, who gives the time and stroke of the oar. The London University was not "called *Stinkomalee* by Theodore Hook, because some question about Trincomalee was agitated at the time of its establishment," but because it is on or near the site of a large and well-known laystall or dust-heap which, some thirty-five or forty years ago, existed in the New Road. *Coon*—a *gone coon*, did not originate in any story of a spy dressed in a racoon's skin, but in the exploits of a certain Major Scott, a wonderful shot. The Major took aim at a "coon"; whereupon the animal said, "Are you Major Scott?" "Yes." "Because if you air, I'll come down; for I know I am a gone 'coon." *Corked* is not "said of wine badly decanted," but badly corked. "As merry as a *grig*" has nothing to do with Shakespeare's "merry Greeks," but with lively young eels. Married ladies are said to be *in the straw*, not by way of a "coarse allusion to farmyard animals," but on account of the straw sometimes laid down before an invalid's house. *Flash o' lightning*, we thought—but our special information is not much to be relied on in this matter—meant, not "an officer's gold band," but a glass of gin. "*Fi-fi*, Mr. Thackeray's term for Paul de Kock's novels," is a very foolish explanation; *fi-fi* books and *fi-fi* women being a good deal older than Mr. Thackeray. *Regulars*, as we suspect, is not "a thief's share in the plunder," but hush-money periodically paid, or supposed to be paid, to the police by publicans and improper characters. *Blood*, in the sense of what is now called a "fast" man, is older than "George the Fourth's time," *testo* Goldsmith—

... where Parson's black champagne  
Regales the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane.

*Buz* was, we thought, used, not "for sharing equally the last of a bottle when there is not enough for all the party," but for a single person draining it. *Penang lawyer* is not a footman's long cane, but a cane with a thick stout knob at the end, grown at Penang, where there are no lawyers, and where law is best administered by one's own cudgel. "*Pitch*, a fixed locality," should have been connected, as it is, with Thames punt-fishing. *All serene* is not from the Spanish military countersign, but from the Spanish watchman's cry, which ends with *Noite serena*—a fine night. *Sell*, to play off a joke, is, we suspect, connected with a phrase of nearly two centuries old—"selling a bargain," into the meaning of which we may as well not enter, though the readers of Swift may recall it. In some cases, we suspect, Mr. Hotten has been hoaxed by some undergraduates who have palmed off upon him pseudo-classical derivations. We may give some examples which certainly tax our

credulity:—*Skedaddle*, which we are informed is "very fair Greek, the root being *Skedannumi*, to disperse"; "*scamp*, from *qui ex campo erit*, a deserter"; "*cag-mag*, from a bad cook, *κακός μαγειρός*." "*Fag*, a school-boy, &c., probably from F. A. G. the fifth problem of Euclid." *Tandem*, omitted by Mr. Hotten, has however a classical origin, being merely the Latin version of "at length"—i.e. two horses driven in a line. And we much fear that Mr. Hotten has fallen into a trap laid by the correspondent who suggests that *Hookey Walker* may have been a certain *Hugh K. Walker*.

But we must not be unfair on our painstaking lexicographer. He has undertaken a work which requires the rarest combination both of actual knowledge and of shelled assistants. Just as dictionaries have been composed by learned academics, so it requires a rare and vast combination of knowledge, and perhaps of associated labour, not only to ensure accuracy, but to exhaust the mine of slang. On the one hand, the lexicographer of cant, properly so called—we dismiss its secondary applied sense of religious insincerity—must possess considerable linguistic attainments; on the other, he must consort with the

Mendici, mime, balatrone, hoc genus omne,

of Seven Dials and the New Cut—or, to speak more correctly in the transpentine slang of Lant Street and the medical students (*teste* Mr. Hotten), the *Recent Incision*. And, again, the Johnson of slang must fish in very muddy puddles to bring up what, after all, is but worthless. The student of slang must be content to live anxious nights and to spend laborious days; but the nights must be spent in the Haymarket or the Casino, and the mornings must be mornings at Bow Street. And, after all, many of the derivations must be conjectural. Unless the original of a new slang phrase is registered on the first appearance of a "fancy" vocable, it is almost impossible to recover it. Still we should like to ascertain the etymologies of many words which at present remain as riddles to the curious and ingenious correspondents of *Notes and Queries*, and which perhaps are destined to enrich the forthcoming *Dictionary of Colloquial English* which Mr. Hotten promises, and for which he solicits the aid of the learned and the slangy. We throw out for further investigation, with their etymology, such words as these—*Benjamin*, an upper coat; *jarvey*, the driver of the extinct hackney-coach; *fluke*; *dandy*; *rum*; *bob*, a shilling; *cove*; *daddle*, the hand; *old gooseberry*; *wag*; *job*; *prog*; *queer* (the verb); *tanner*, a sixpence; *twig*—to which Mr. Hotten assigns either no derivations, or very inadequate and conjectural ones. Nor are we without hopes that Mr. Hotten, with the able assistance of his friend and collaborateur "Jem the Patterer," to whose literary collections the present editor expresses his obligations, will be able at some future day to recover, and to publish in chronological order, that wonderful series of strange and apparently senseless sayings which from time to time arise in the London streets, and seem to possess the *gamins*. Who has not been saluted by "There you go with your eye out," or "Who stole the donkey?" or, if in Paris, with "Où est M. Lambert?" or "How's your poor feet?" and who, deeply meditating, has not been baffled by the mystery, deep as the meaning of *Konx Ompace*, and as useless when discovered?

#### GERMAN QUOTATIONS.

THIS book has come at a good time, for German quotations are gradually working their way into English literature. Competitive examinations are adding Schiller and Goethe to Shakespeare and Milton, and it will soon be as great a disgrace to be ignorant of the whereabouts of the "*Pudel's Kern*" as to credit Pope with what should be Dryden's. Perhaps there are few, even among the best German scholars, who may not be benefited by the collection before us. Herr Büchmann is guilty, in our judgment, of many sins of omission, but we are grateful to him for what he has given us, and the fact of his work being the first of the kind in Germany is an excuse for much incompleteness. That he has verified all his references, has drawn largely from many sources of information, and rectified many popular errors, is no little praise, for the work of tracing quotations is often almost hopelessly difficult, and a single phrase frequently dodges you through many volumes. We may easily be too severe on what we consider sins of omission, because we are familiar with certain phrases, and imagine they must form a large part of the common stock. Yet it often happens that we brood over some line or turn of expression that strikes us particularly, till it grows so hackneyed to us that we are surprised to find it strange to others. All we can say in such cases is that, though Herr Büchmann gives "not what can be quoted, but what are quoted," there is a further class—what ought to be quoted. And sometimes we are willing to give Herr Büchmann the benefit of a doubt on this last point.

The great use, however, of these books of quotations is to obviate the flagrant and ludicrous mistakes made by so many writers and speakers. Most men will remember the roars of laughter that followed Sir Robert Peel's citation of "Goldsmith's" aphorism, "to hold the mirror up to nature." The *Morning Herald* is not universally read, otherwise its quotation of Scott's dictum—

Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain—

could hardly have escaped the readers of Milton's *Penseroso*. It is very common to see Mrs. Malaprop saddled with Dogberry's

\* *Geflügelte Worte; der Citatenschatz des Deutschen Volks.* Von Georg Büchmann. Berlin: 1864.

"Comparisons are odorous," though Mrs. Malaprop only says—"No comparisons, Miss; comparisons don't become a young woman." But what shall we say to Lady Georgiana Fullerton, who makes the heroine of her last novel quote a lyric of Goethe's during the lifetime of Peter the Great? In these instances, which might be multiplied indefinitely, the "just enough of learning to misquote" appears to great advantage. But there is not much fear as yet of German being so distorted. Herr Büchmann remarks, in his introduction, that while the Germans quote largely from all other languages, the French are confined to one English line, and the English have not added German to Latin and French. It may seem perfectly natural that the French language has not admitted one German quotation, seeing that the only English ones it knows are the beginning of Hamlet's soliloquy and the first sentence of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. But it is rather surprising that the English should have borrowed so little from Germany. Thackeray is probably the one exception, and his example seems to have naturalized the only German quotation which is very common in English books, and which has even attained the dignity of being quoted by total strangers to German literature. We need hardly add that we mean "Ich habe geliebt und gelebet." There is one, and only one, German quotation in Macaulay—namely, in the essay on Bacon; but Macaulay was not familiar with the language. Considering how much Carlyle has written on Germany, the quotations he has popularized are few in proportion. Still, if any Englishman who is a tolerable German scholar were to open Herr Büchmann at the pages devoted to Schiller and Goethe, we are sure that he would find many familiar faces, and we even fancy that he could supply some more. If we take up Schiller almost at hazard, is not "Ernst ist das Leben, heiter ist die Kunst" a most familiar passage? The recent shoal of declarations may add a factitious value to Isolani's sentence, "Unterschreiben, so viel Ihr wollt! Verschont mich nur mit Lesen!" but surely we have heard it quoted. Again, in Lessing's *Nathan*, we find Herr Büchmann omitting the "sagt der Patriarch," and "thut nichts, der Jude wird verbrannt," both of which are more than quotations—they are proverbial. A very hasty glance through *Faust* gives us the same result. In the first few pages only we miss "Ich hatte nichts und doch genug," "Und thierischer als selbst das Thier zu seyn," "Es irrt der Mensch so lang er strebt," "Zwar weiss ich viel, doch möchte ich alles wissen," "Ach, uns're Thaten selbst, so gut als uns're Leiden, sie hemmen uns're Lebens Gang," "Die Thräne quillt, Die Erde hat mich wieder," "Ich kann das Wort so hoch unmöglich schätzen." It is possible that some of these lines have only deserved quotation and not yet obtained it, or Herr Büchmann might urge that, if he cited all such, his volume would be made up of *Faust*. But, as he says himself, *Faust* is the most read and the most popular of Goethe's works, and it is natural that every line of it should be familiar. *Hamlet* alone furnishes more quotations than the whole of Milton, and not many less than the whole of Pope.

But it may seem presumptuous in us to engage a German author on his native soil, and it would be an unfair advantage to engage him on the soil of England. All that we will remark about our own language is that the stock of Shakespearian quotations is duly copious, and that, as is only natural to Germans, Milton is unfairly treated. Herr Büchmann can find no more than two quotations "in the whole wealth of Milton's works; *Paradise Lost*, *Comus*, *Samson Agonistes*, *Lycidas*, scarcely supply another phrase of general acceptance." This is hard measure. Miltonic phrases occupy more than twelve pages of the English *Handbook of Familiar Quotations*, and we are much mistaken if "darkness visible," "better to reign in hell than serve in heaven," "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa," "tears such as angels weep," "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," "confusion worse confounded," "in the lowest deep a lower deep," "evil be thou my good," "not to know me argues yourself unknown," "strains that might create a soul under the ribs of death," and "that old man eloquent," are not among the best-known phrases in our language. We will take, however, Herr Büchmann in France, and with such an author as Molière. Here we have a right to be exacting. To begin with *Les Précieuses*, where is Mascarille's "Je vous ferai un impromptu à loisir," and La Grange's "Ce sera, ma foi, pour leurs beaux yeux"? In *Amphitryon*:—"Le véritable Amphitryon est l'Amphitryon où l'on dîne." *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*:—"Faites comme si je ne le savais pas," "Par ma foi, il y a bien plus de quarante ans que je dis de la prose sans que j'en susse rien." *Les Fourberies de Scapin*:—"Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère"? We are not so sure about the dog-Latin in the ballet at the end of the *Malade Imaginaire*, the regular prescription for all diseases, and the "quia est in eo virtus dormitiva." But the others are more important, and if Herr Büchmann should plead that the Germans do not quote them, we can only say, so much the worse for the Germans. Are we to accept the same excuse for the total absence of Racine's *Plaideurs*, two sentences of which at least are almost proverbial—"Point d'argent, point de Suisse," and "Passons au déluge." When we proceed to Latin, we look in vain for some of the most stock quotations, such as "Rusticus expectat," "Quis tulit Gracchos," "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes." But the most curious thing in the Latin quotations of Herr Büchmann is the difference between those most familiar to ourselves and those most in use in Germany. This is only one of the many points of diversity between the two nations, and arises from various causes, one of which is, no doubt, political dissimilarity and the want of a national Parliament. Perhaps another cause of no less magnitude is that the Germans have not got the source

of so many learned quotations in England—the *Elon Latin Grammar*. If we deduct what we owe to this great treasury of the Latin tongue, and what we owe to Parliamentary quotation, it will be found that we are not so purely classical a nation as we might otherwise conjecture.

A valuable feature in Herr Büchmann's work is the collection of historical phrases, with rectifications of many that are attributed to wrong parents, and anecdotes relating to others. The saying that "no one is a hero to his valet" is taken from Madame Cornuel, who had but one talent, and is given to Montaigne, who has ten talents. Louis XIV. may or may not have said, "L'état c'est moi," but there is no good authority for it beyond the character of the monarch. "La parole a été donnée à l'homme pour déguiser sa pensée" is always ascribed to Talleyrand, but belongs really to Voltaire. It seems also that "the beginning of the end" is not Talleyrand's, though no other author has been discovered for it; and Talleyrand's "They have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing" occurs in a letter of the date of 1796, written to Mallet du Pan, and published in his correspondence. In like manner, Metternich's "Après nous le déluge" was the property of Madame de Pompadour. Nothing is more generally quoted among men of letters than Buffon's sentence, "Le style c'est l'homme." And yet this sentence does not occur in Buffon; nor does the moral which everybody draws from it belong to Buffon. What Buffon really says is something very different. After praising a careful style, and declaring that only well-written works will descend to posterity, he adds that knowledge, facts, even discoveries, do not ensure a long life to a work if it is not well written, because facts and discoveries can be easily transplanted into other works, and even gain by a more skilful treatment. "Ces choses sont hors de l'homme, le style est de l'homme même." This does not mean that a man's style is his character, but that his style is all he can contribute of himself—two very different things. It is not surprising that the Count of Artois did not utter the phrase, "Il n'y a rien de changé, il n'y a qu'un Français de plus"; but we are amused at being introduced to the actual author in the throes of composition, and at hearing Talleyrand, who presided over the work, tell him that he had only to make a good speech, suitable to the time and the man, and the Prince would believe that he had actually spoken it. Napoleon is more fortunate, as he is left in undisturbed possession of the "one step from the sublime to the ridiculous." The newest German phrases are derived almost exclusively from the late or present Ministers of Prussia. If the Bismark Cabinet has contributed little to the statesmanship or honour of the country, it has enriched the language by some popular expressions which are not unworthy of their authors. Von Roon started the "pleasing temperature" of the Upper Chamber; Bismark himself is the father of "Catinist existences," "iron and blood"; while others have contributed the common phrases of "moral conquests," and of "a promise not worth the paper on which it is written." The name of Philistines, which Mr. Arnold proposes for adoption in England, seems to have originated at Jena in 1693. After a fight between town and gown, in which a student was killed, the pastor of Jena preached upon the fray, and said it reminded him of the words, "The Philistines are upon thee, Sampson." With this story we may couple another, which Herr Büchmann places under the head of Luther. The Germans have a phrase for anything that is at the last gasp, "that it is in the last of Matthew," this being Luther's way of referring to the last chapter of Matthew. A Catholic preacher, talking of Protestantism in his sermon, said that it was in the last of Matthew, and after church a Protestant came up and thanked the priest for his admirable sermon. "What," said the priest, "you, a Protestant, thank me?" "Why not?" replied the other; "is it not written in the last of Matthew, 'Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world.'"

#### LE COMBAT DE L'HONNEUR.\*

M. ROBERT has been well advised in engaging M. Paul Féval to write a preface to *Le Combat de l'Honneur*. At first sight, indeed, it may seem that the only object of M. Féval's contribution is to raise an abstruse question of copyright; for, on the plea that if he is not a storyteller he is nothing, he relates a little adventure of his own, the point of which is that M. Frédéric Soulié would have written a *Combat de l'Honneur* nearly twenty years ago if he had not had the misfortune to die just as he had sketched out the plot. It soon appears, however, that though M. Féval cannot recollect anything about this unwritten work, he is quite certain that M. Robert's production bears no resemblance to it. Indeed, M. Robert has no need to borrow from any man, dead or alive:—

Vous n'êtes l'élève de personne, et je vous en tiens grand compte. Vous touchez parfois à Georges Sand, parfois à Noddy, pour reculer ou remonter ensuite jusqu'à Walter Scott. Balzac vous eût envie certaines descriptions ultra-techniques. Enfin j'ai lu chez vous des scènes historiques que Dumas père signerait des deux mains. Vous êtes un original, frotté d'éclectisme.

Certainly this is a preface worth having. It would be difficult to say more in praise of a novelist than that he reminds you in turn of George Sand, Balzac, Walter Scott, and the elder Dumas. Our own more superficial acquaintance with M. Robert's writings does not, it must be confessed, quite bear out this very handsome tribute. There may be parts of *Le*

\* *Le Combat de l'Honneur*. Par Adrien Robert. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1864.



*Combat de l'Honneur* which will remind the reader of George Sand, but the resemblance is rather in the class of subject than in the treatment of it; and there are some descriptions of furniture which may perhaps have been copied from Balzac, and could, therefore, hardly have been envied by him. But, if we may judge from an historical romance by M. Robert which we have also read, the recoil in the direction of Sir Walter Scott never went very far. Indeed, it stopped a good deal short even of Alexander Dumas. Still, though we do not quite share M. Féval's enthusiasm, we are bound to say that *Le Combat de l'Honneur* is a very readable specimen of the French novel, and that it is distinguished from many of its companions in the same field of literature by what its author probably supposes to be a superior moral tone. A French novel which ends in a marriage is something out of the common, and it is this circumstance perhaps which constitutes its greatest claim to notice.

Why it did not begin, instead of merely ending, in this way, is a question hard to be answered. The Marchioness de Nagel, when travelling in Italy, is taken ill at a little inn at Fiesole. There she meets the Viscount de Villemèle, and an acquaintance grows up between them, owing in the first instance to her servant mistaking him for a French physician. Madame de Nagel is a widow of twenty, rich and beautiful. The viscount is also young, rich, and his own master, and, as their friendship soon passes into love, the reader finds himself entirely agreeing with the remark subsequently made by M. de Villemèle's father:—"Il fallait savoir taire, et vous marier devant le premier capucin de Florence." Perhaps M. Robert may think so speedy a conclusion too commonplace for fiction; at all events, his hero and heroine contrive to omit all reference to the capuchin. "Ils partirent ensemble pour Florence, et, vieux amis, jeunes cœurs, oublièrent ce monde parisien qui était si loin d'eux." This happens two years before the story opens. On the return of the lovers to Paris, Renée withdraws herself altogether from society, in order to avoid hearing its comments on her conduct, while Gerald de Villemèle continues to visit at her house, still intending to marry her, but unable quite to make up his mind to do so. "Il ne craignait pas de risquer sa vie pour la femme aimée, mais il commençait à avoir peur d'être ridicule en épousant sa maîtresse." The action of the story begins with his purchase of a villa near Paris from Paul Gonthier, a rich wine merchant with a beautiful wife. M. de Villemèle finds in Gonthier an old schoolfellow who has formerly saved his life, and, in spite of the difference of rank, a very warm friendship grows up between the two. Unfortunately, however, a still warmer feeling comes into existence between Gerald and Madame Gonthier. The special characteristic of this lady, when first introduced to the reader, is the admirable fit of her gown:—"Sa robe montante se modelait si parfaitement sur sa poitrine et ses bras, que sa sévérité et simplicité semblaient bientôt plus élégantes et plus mondaines que la plus riche toilette de bal"; but, as it turns out, she is also a woman of an iron will, and from the moment she sees Gerald she is determined to make him in love with her. She foresees all the possible consequences, including her chance of falling a victim to her husband's anger; but she has faith in her own coolness and power of dissimulation, and considerations of duty have but little weight with her, owing, we are told, to the unpleasant associations with which the term is connected in her mind:—"Ce mot ne réveillait en elle qu'un souvenir amer. C'était par devoir, c'est-à-dire pour obéir à sa mère, qu'elle était devenue la femme de Paul Gonthier."

M. de Villemèle offers no resistance to Madame Gonthier's schemes. He spends his mornings in the Louvre, where she is copying a picture of Titian's; he joins her every afternoon in her walk; and he starts every Sunday morning by the six o'clock train from Paris, to spend the day at her country-house. The Marchioness de Nagel is fully conscious of her lover's desertion, and she resolves to leave Paris for Italy. The news of her determination comes, however, as a serious blow to Gerald. He knows that he is in love with Madame Gonthier, and that she is in love with him, and he is naturally puzzled how to reconcile this passion with his devoted friendship for her husband. How Madame de Nagel is to help him out of the difficulty it is not easy to see, but he has, nevertheless, expected her to do something for him; and when she merely wishes him good-bye, and hints that she should like to go away without a scene, he is naturally discomposed. Perhaps it now occurs to him, for the first time, that he has not treated Madame de Nagel very well. If so, his principal anxiety is to show that he has had a good excuse for neglecting her. Pointing, therefore, to a portrait of Aurélie—"Avouez, dit-il d'une voix brisée par l'émotion, 'que cette femme est idéalement belle.' 'Idéalement belle,' répéta Renée avec calme." This indifference proves too much for this admirable young man's endurance. To find that he has thrown over one woman for another, and failed to make the first jealous, is necessarily irritating to all his feelings of self-respect, and he gives way to a burst of indignation which, in the mouth of a cross young French gentleman, would no doubt be highly effective:—

Tu ne m'aimes plus déjà. La femme qui aime est jalouse, et tu viens de répéter après moi des paroles qui eussent brisé ton cœur s'il y était resté seulement un souvenir du bonheur passé! La femme qui aime lutte et défend son amour, son bien, sa vie, tout son être, comme la lionne défend ses petits, des griffes et des dents.

Generally speaking, M. Robert does not at all seem to realize how extremely contemptible he has managed to make his hero, but on this occasion either his eyes are suddenly opened, or his sense of

verisimilitude comes to his aid, for he makes Madame de Nagel answer with some dignity:—

Monsieur de Villemèle, vous auriez le droit de me parler ainsi si je portais votre nom. Que le monde se soit fermé devant moi, c'était juste, mais je ne suis pas encore tombée si bas dans ma propre estime, que je veuille descendre dans cette honteuse arène où les courtisanes essayent de regagner un amour perdu.

After receiving this set-down, Gerald wisely confines himself to a description of his own melancholy condition. His blood is in a fever, he believes that he is going mad, his conscience overwhelms him like the stone of Sisyphus. Hope, which sustains the most wretched, only terrifies him, for it can never be realized save at the cost of the most shameful treachery. He feels powerless, and he looks to her to save him. In a voice "broken with sobs," Renée suggests a little quiet travelling—"il faut partir avec un ami"; but Gerald rejects the proposition, on the ground that he should certainly come back directly he had started. Nothing can do him any good except Renée's remaining in Paris, and, by way of inducement, he proceeds to say that he loves her still after a fashion:—

Je t'aime! Renée, je t'aime toujours de cet amour de jeunesse, radieux, enbaumé comme nos belles nuits du golfe de Naples: c'est l'amour du cœur celui-là... l'autre n'est que le vertige de l'esprit que tu chasseras comme un mauvais rêve, en posant ta main sur mon front.

At this moment the pair are interrupted, and we are left in ignorance whether the ceremony of putting her hand on his forehead would have come off if they had remained alone, or whether, if it had, it would have effected the miraculous cure which Gerald expected. The chances are, however, that Madame de Nagel would have declined to make the trial, for she is so little pleased with the kind of affection which Gerald professes to entertain for her that she changes her plans, and goes to Dieppe instead of Italy—solely, as it afterwards appears, because a doctor has told her that, in her state of health, any exertion will be fatal, and she thinks a season at a watering-place will give her more opportunities of dancing and riding herself to death.

Meanwhile, Gerald is in a worse plight than ever. His father has forged Gonthier's name, and Gonthier has acknowledged the signature as his own. This fresh proof of friendship drives Gerald to despair. Up to this time, the world, "qui poétise volontiers certaines fautes," would have condoned his error; but to carry off the wife of a man who has just saved his father from disgrace and punishment would be to put the forbearance of society to too hard a test. In this accession of trouble he thinks he will go out of town with the Marchioness de Nagel, but he finds she has left Paris without saying where she is going to. Failing in this, he resolves to try travelling by himself, and starts for Belgium. At Bruges he meets with a Jew who offers to sell him a peculiarly effective pistol. At first Gerald declines, but suddenly "a sinister smile plays on his lips"; he buys the pistol in a hurry, refuses even to take his change, and returns at once to Paris. At his next interview with Madame Gonthier the contest which gives its name to the novel comes off in good earnest. The first shot is fired by the lady, who, seeing that Gerald will never come to the point without her assistance, asks him whether he loves her well enough to die with her. Gerald is charmed that they should have hit on the same way out of their dilemma, but his transports turn out to be premature. Nothing is further from Aurélie's thoughts than a joint suicide. She is not, she tells him, a poor creature like Renée de Nagel. She intends to live, and to live with Gerald, and to do that they must fly that very night. M. de Villemèle consents, but is much disturbed when he remembers that Gonthier will dislike the arrangement. In the midst of a series of fine speeches, the burden of which is that Aurélie had much better give him up and learn to love her husband instead, Gonthier's step is heard outside. Gerald brings out the pistol, loads both barrels, and states his intention of presenting it to Gonthier with a request that he will spare him the trouble of killing himself. Aurélie objects to this course as likely to compromise her, and Gerald, after some remonstrances, consents to conceal himself in an adjoining room, with the option of getting out through the window into the garden below. Gonthier and Gerald's father now appear on the scene, and it appears that the latter has made an appointment with Gonthier in order to acknowledge him as his natural son. This fact, however, Gonthier has known all along, and he now declines to be formally acquainted with it, on the plea that the disclosure would be disagreeable to Gerald, whom he already loves as a brother. Madame Gonthier is so much affected by this noble resolution that she throws herself into her husband's arms, and vows to love him with her whole soul; while Gerald, who has been listening in the garden, sees that his presence is no longer required, and shoots himself through the heart. The *Combat de l'Honneur* is now at an end, and it only remains to wind up the story to the satisfaction of all parties. Gerald's wound proves not to be fatal; Renée de Nagel recovers her health at Dieppe, instead of killing herself; Madame Gonthier is already provided for. The two former are speedily brought together, and the book ends with Gerald taking a bouquet—out of somebody else's hand, by the way—and presenting it to Renée with the words—"Vicomtesse de Villemèle, permettez-moi de vous offrir votre bouquet de mariage." The reader will admit that we have made good our assertion as to the moral intentions of the author. He will probably also agree with us in thinking that, if this be the morality of French novels, their immorality is the less offensive of the two.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**WINTER EXHIBITION, 120 Pall Mall.**—The Twelfth Annual Exhibition of CABINET PICTURES by Living British Artists will Open on Monday next, from 9.30 A.M. to 5 P.M.—Admission, One Shilling; Catalogue, Sixpence.

**THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF NAVAL ARCHITECTURE and MARINE ENGINEERING.**—The School will be opened on Tuesday, November 1. The Principal will give a PUBLIC ADDRESS in the Lecture Theatre of the South Kensington Museum at 3 P.M. Students must attend at the Principal Office in the Morning, before Twelve o'clock, to get their Papers signed.

By Order of the Committee of Council on Education.

**DURHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL.**—The Examination of Candidates for KING'S SCHOLARSHIPS will take place in the Chapter Room, on Friday the 29th, and Saturday the 30th November, 1864, at Nine o'clock in the Forenoon, when SIX SCHOLARSHIPS will be appointed to supply the present Vacancies. These Scholarships (Eighteen in number) are of the annual value of nearly £40 (£30 in money, with exemption from Classical fees), and are tenable at the School for four years, to which a Fifth may be added by the Dean. Anyone under Fifteen years of age, whether previously at the School or not, is admissible as a Candidate, provided always that his Parents are not in *recalcitrant* circumstances. Candidates are requested to send in their Names, with Certificates of their Birth, and Statements of Circumstances, to Mr. EDW. PERL, Registrar to the Dean and Chapter, the College, Durham, on or before Monday, November 21. Further information may be had by applying to the Rev. HENRY HOLDEN, D.D., Head Master.

**EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HALL.**—To be OPENED November 1, 1864, under the Direction of the Council. Chairman of the Council—WILLIAM STIRLING, Esq., of Kell, M.P. Warden—The Rev. D. F. SANDFORD, who will be assisted by competent Tutors. The Council has engaged Temporary Premises, at 11 Oxford Terrace, for a limited number of Students of the University, who will be provided with a Home and Tutorial assistance during the ensuing Session, on moderate terms. Applications for Admission to the Hall should be accompanied by information as to Moral Character of Applicant, and may be addressed to the Warden, or to the Secretary, Mr. W. J. MAXWELL, 7 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, from whom all particulars may be obtained.

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